L. T. LIBRARY

The ARYAN PATH

Vol. XXXII OCTOBER 1961 No. 10

CONTENTS

THE THEOPHILANTHROPISTS (EDITORIAL) 435
MIST—*By Mikhail Naimy* 440
THE HYPOTHESIS OF REINCARNATION—*By D. Gurumurti* 444
THE SPIRITUAL HUMANISM OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE—*By P. Nagaraja Rao* 445
"NOT A SPARROW FALLS...."—*By Odette Tchernine* 451
ANIMALS AS LIVING SOULS—*By H. P. Blavatsky* 455
HE DREAMS OF THE GODS (POEM)—*By Thomas Moult* 458
ANANDA COOMARASWAMY: A PROFILE—*By A. Ranganathan* 460
NEIGHBOURS (POEM)—*By Herbert Bluen* 464
NEW BOOKS AND OLD—
REVIEWS—*By Kamala Gopal Rao, S. K. De, Basil A. Yeaxlee, R. F. Rattray, Alan de Rusett, Marcus Ward, Margaret Smith, Elizabeth Cross, D. Gurumurti, Sylva Norman, K. Krishnamoorthy, Roshan Kothawala, D. G. Londhey and Sita Ram Jayaswal* 465
A LETTER FROM LONDON—*By Sunder Kabadi* 476
NOT PUNITIVE MEASURES—*By K. R. A.* 478
ENDS AND SAYINGS 479

"THEOSOPHY HALL," NEW MARINE LINES — BOMBAY, INDIA

THE ARYAN PATH

ORGAN OF THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

Editor: SOPHIA WADIA

Assistant Editor: RAMESHCHANDRA SIRKAR

ADDRESSES

Editorial Office:	"THEOSOPHY HALL", 40, New Marine Lines Bombay 1
Managerial Office:	No. 1/1, Bugle Rock Road Basavangudi Bangalore 4
London Office:	62, Queen's Gardens London, W. 2
Indian Institute of World Culture	No. 6, Shri B. P. Wadia Road Basavangudi Bangalore 4

* * * * *

CONTRIBUTIONS—The Editor is responsible for unsigned articles only and is not necessarily in agreement with the views of the contributors, to whom free expression of opinion is given.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—THE ARYAN PATH is published monthly. No subscriptions are accepted for less than twelve months, but subscriptions may begin with any desired number. All orders should be accompanied by the necessary remittance to the Manager, THE ARYAN PATH, 1/1, Bugle Rock Road, Bangalore 4, or to our London Office at 62, Queen's Gardens, London, W. 2.

PRICES: India—Single copy 75 *naye paise*; per annum Rs. 6.00

Europe—Single copy 1*s*. 6*d*; per annum 12*s*. or equivalent.

Americas—Single copy 35 cents; per annum $3.00

All post free

Available in the U.S.A. from
Eastern News Distributors
255 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Back numbers are available on special application

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXII OCTOBER 1961 No. 10

THE THEOPHILANTHROPISTS

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH for January 1937.—ED.]

IF EVER a universal religion should prevail, it will not be by believing anything new, but in getting rid of redundancies and believing as man believed at first.

—THOMAS PAINE

OFTEN some "Adorer of God and Friend of Man" arises when "times that try men's souls" precipitate themselves in human history. Such an inspirer was Thomas Paine who helped masses of people to pass the test imposed and right the prevailing wrongs. . . .

The works of Thomas Paine, the Internationalist and Spiritual Reformer, are well known, and yet *The Rights of Man, Common Sense* and *The Crisis* ought to be better known in these days when liberty of thought and freedom of speech are being suffocated. Paine's penetrating and convincing analysis of creedal Christianity, which is described as "an investigation of true and fabulous theology," is also well known; yet *The Age of Reason* deserves even today a wider circulation in Christendom, and the methods of treatment there used need to be properly applied also by religious reformers elsewhere.

One aspect, however, of Paine's constructive labours is not very widely recognized. While large masses readily accepted the political lead he gave, they were not prepared to follow him in matters of religion. Prejudice, which Paine compared to a spider, thwarted his attempt in this direction. His *Age of Reason,* published in two parts — in January 1794 and October 1795 — failed to precipitate a mental revolution, for which he had probably hoped, similar to the political one which had followed the publication of *Common Sense* in January 1776.

If mental and moral upheavals often give birth to a real genius,

the presence of the latter awakens the slumbering intuitions of at least a few who gather round him. Such arose in his day, and with the co-operation of those kindred minds Paine founded the Society of Theophilanthropists. He delivered the inaugural address, the ideas and programme of which did not suit the ultra-radical atheists of France on the one hand, and on the other hand alienated from him the entire orthodox Christian world. Thus Paine met that which is ever the fate of the expounder of Divine Wisdom in every age and clime.

Thomas Paine and his companions called themselves "Adorers of God and Friends of Man," and looked upon the "study of natural philosophy" as "a divine study." His "Discourse" to them opens with a declaration which names fanaticism and infidelity as the two principal enemies of Religion, and to overcome them he advocates the use of reason, the cultivation of right morality and the study of natural philosophy.

What was the basis of this Society? In Paine's words:—

> It has been well observed at the first institution of this society that the dogmas it professes to believe are from the commencement of the world; that they are not novelties, but are confessedly the basis of all systems of religion, however numerous and contradictory they may be. All men in the outset of the religion they profess are Theophilanthropists. It is impossible to form any system of religion without building upon those principles, and, therefore, they are not sectarian principles, unless we suppose a sect composed of all the world.

The programme of the Society's activities was also outlined by him:—

> The society is at present in its infancy, and its means are small; but I wish to hold in view the subject I allude to, and instead of teaching the philosophical branches of learning as ornamental accomplishments only, as they have hitherto been taught, to teach them in a manner that shall combine theological knowledge with scientific instruction; to do this to the best advantage, some instruments will be necessary for the purpose of explanation, of which the society is not yet possessed. But as the views of the society extend to public good, as well as to that of the individual, and as its principles can have no enemies, means may be devised to procure them.
>
> If we unite to the present instruction, a series of lectures on the ground I have mentioned, we shall, in the first place, render theology the most delightful and entertaining of all studies. In the next place we shall give scientific instruction to those who could not otherwise obtain it. The

mechanic of every profession will there be taught the mathematical principles necessary to render him a proficient in his art. The cultivator will there see developed the principles of vegetation: while, at the same time, they will be led to see the hand of God in all these things.

The Religion of Deism for which the Theophilanthropists laboured looked upon God as "a first cause," "to be discovered by the exercise of reason."

What was Paine's conception of Deity?

Incomprehensible and difficult as it is for a man to conceive what a first cause is, he arrives at the belief of it, from the tenfold greater difficulty of disbelieving it. It is difficult beyond description to conceive that space can have no end; but it is more difficult to conceive an end. It is difficult beyond the power of man to conceive an eternal duration of what we call time; but it is more impossible to conceive a time when there shall be no time.

Not only does Paine use the symbols of Space and Duration but also that of Motion. He says to his companions that "the universe is composed of matter, and as a system, is sustained by motion. Motion is not a property of matter, and without this motion, the solar system could not exist."

Thomas Paine was a mystic, and he was a politician because he was a philosopher. We give below a few short extracts which show the trend of his own Religion:—

I do not believe in the creed professed by the Jewish church, by the Roman church, by the Greek church, by the Turkish church, by the Protestant church, nor by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own church.

I had no disposition for what is called politics. It presented to my mind no other idea than is contained in the word Jockeyship. When, therefore, I turned my thoughts towards matters of government, I had to form a system for myself, that accorded with the moral and philosophic principles in which I had been educated.

It is from the study of the true theology that all our knowledge of science is derived, and it is from that knowledge that all the arts have originated.

All the principles of science are of divine origin. It was not man that invented the principles on which astronomy and every branch of mathematics are founded and studied. It was not man that gave properties of the circle and triangle. Those principles are eternal and immutable. We

see in them the unchangeable nature of the Divinity. We see in them immortality, an immortality existing after the material figures that express those properties are dissolved in dust.

It is only in the CREATION that all our ideas and conceptions of a *word of God* can unite. The creation speaketh an universal language, independently of human speech or human language, multiplied and various as they be. It is an ever-existing original, which every man can read. It cannot be forged; it cannot be counterfeited; it cannot be lost; it cannot be altered; it cannot be suppressed. It does not depend upon the will of man whether it shall be published or not; it publishes itself from one end of the earth to the other. It preaches to all nations and to all worlds; and this *word of God* reveals to man all that is necessary for man to know of God.

The structure of the universe . . . is an ever-existing exhibition of every principle upon which every part of mathematical science is founded. The offspring of this science is mechanics; for mechanics is no other than the principles of science applied practically. The man who proportions the several parts of a mill, uses the same scientific principles, as if he had the power of constructing an universe: but as he cannot give to matter that invisible agency, by which all the component parts of the immense machine of the universe have influence upon each other, and act in motional unison together, without any apparent contact, and to which man has given the name of attraction, gravitation and repulsion, he supplies the place of that agency by the humble imitation of teeth and cogs. All the parts of man's microcosm must visibly touch; but could he gain a knowledge of that agency, so as to be able to apply it in practice, we might then say that another *canonical book* of the Word of God had been discovered.

Any person, who has made observations on the state and progress of the human mind, by observing his own, cannot but have observed, that there are two distinct classes of what are called Thoughts: those that we produce in ourselves by reflection and the act of thinking, and those that bolt into the mind of their own accord. I have always made it a rule to treat those voluntary visitors with civility, taking care to examine, as well as I was able, if they were worth entertaining; and it is from them I have acquired almost all the knowledge that I have. As to the learning that any person gains from school education, it serves only like a small capital, to put him in the way of beginning learning for himself afterwards. Every person of learning is finally his own teacher, the reason of which is, that principles, being of a distinct quality to circumstances, cannot be impressed upon the memory; their place of mental residence is the understanding, and they are never so lasting as when they begin by conception.

Seekers and students of the Universal Wisdom, which Paine calls "real theology" and the principles and doctrines of which are of "divine origin" have laboured from age to age — sometimes in secrecy and silence like the persecuted Rosicrucians of the fifteenth century; sometimes publicly as did the Theosophists taught by Ammonius Saccas in the third century or by H. P. Blavatsky in the nineteenth; sometimes the work is forwarded by agents who are unconscious of their blessed mission, while others, like the famous Comte de St. Germain, work with full vision and understanding. But behind all such individuals or organisms are the true Theophilanthropists, Adorers of Immortal Spirit and Friends of mortal men. Of Them and Their companions and apprentices, of whom he himself seems to have been one, Walt Whitman wrote:—

That we all labour together transmitting the same charge and succession,
We few equals indifferent of lands, indifferent of times,
We, enclosers of all continents, all castes, allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not the disputers
nor anything that is asserted,
We hear the bawling and din, we are reach'd at by divisions, jealousies,
recriminations on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unheld, free the whole earth over, journeying up and down
till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages
to come, may prove brethren and lovers as we are.

MAN'S HAPPINESS consists in his being able to preserve his own essence.
—SPINOZA

MIST

[**Mr. Mikhail Naimy** is well known to our readers for his mystical and suggestive stories. This essay contains some profound reflections.—Ed.]

Rare, indeed, are the persons who are really fond of mist. The greatest bulk of people detest it and speak evil things of it. If they tolerate it at all, it is as reluctantly as they tolerate such natural phenomena as cyclones and earthquakes; or such pests as flies and mosquitoes and those noxious busybodies who are ever trying to reform the world before reforming themselves.

As to those who navigate the air and the high seas, and those who drive trains and carriages on land, mist to them is anathema, a dreadful enemy whom they are called upon to fight with all the weapons at their disposal and all the tricks of which their ingenuity is capable. Unable to blot it out from the face of the earth, they have been, from times immemorial, seeking ways and means "to contain" it and to reduce its mischief to a minimum. So far they have won some secondary bouts in their fight with it. But the decisive battle is yet to be fought. Who knows? Perhaps they shall come out victorious in the end.

I think I can — or imagine I can — understand the reasons for people's impatience with mist. Although but a phenomenon of Nature, it does not seem to us worthy of Nature's fine taste and surpassing artistry, let alone her motherly love. Who can deny that Nature is a magician and the acme of good taste and affection when, out of the vapours in air, she moulds a cloud and sets it asail in the boundless blue, changing all the while its shapes, its colours and its course? It is as if that cloud were a rare painting which Nature delighted in exhibiting to all of her children who had eyes to see; or as if it were a reservoir of a life-giving elixir which she set on high as a promise of relief to all the parched lands and souls beneath. "Do not despair," she seems to say to them, "for in my seas is water enough for all the thirsty of the earth."

But when that same Nature takes out of the same air similar vapours and makes of them a queer, milky paste; then commands the wind to take that paste and smudge with it the beauteous countenance of the earth — streams, lakes, seas, woods, plains, canyons, mountains and all; when Nature does that, she readily invites our doubt of her taste, her art and her affection. No longer is she to us the super-artist, but rather the super-smudger. Nor is she that tender mother worthy of adoration; rather is she a surly stepmother whose breath and presence

chill the blood in us. Particularly is she tasteless, tactless and ill-humoured when she chooses to deploy her mist during the day, thus turning it into a night whose face is deathly ashen, whose breath is foul and sticky, whose pulse is slow and uneven, whose eyes are tired and heavily bandaged.

Most curious, indeed, is that night that mist imposes on us sometimes in broad daylight. Dressed in a damp, fluffy gown of pearly hues, it sprawls about with no apparent effort, and with surprising speed, spreading darkness wherever it may chance to pass. Like an accomplished magician, it effaces with one stroke of its wand all things visible on earth and in the sky until the earth is no longer the earth and the sky no longer the sky. All seems to have passed through an invisible forge and to have evaporated into mist. All forms and colours of creation have been swallowed up by the fluid, indefinite form and colour of the mist.

Yet much as we malign and detest mist, we must admit that it is not without its peculiar charms and distinctive inspiration. I, for one, will avow that rarely have I seen a sight more impressive and gripping than that of clean-swept skies, dreaming mountains, smiling meadows and a sea cloaked in light and breathing peacefully and contentedly in the sun, its breath slowly and imperceptibly coagulating into something resembling clouds which suddenly dash towards the land like a well-drilled, well-disciplined army when ordered to go into attack. Quickly the serried ranks of that army rush forward and spread out fan-like, reducing all obstacles in their way. Nor woods, nor rivers, nor gorges and lofty peaks are able to check its victorious march. In a few minutes mist emerges as the sole and unquestioned master of the field. Of all visible things it is the only thing visible. Of all realities it is the sole reality. Everything has vanished excepting it.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about mist, that craftiest of warriors, is that it goes into battle entirely weaponless, yet wins against all weapons; and being the softest of all fighters it proves the hardest in the fight; and being stone-blind it carries the day by simply submitting blindly to the great Will that leads it on.

Once, while on the top of a mountain covered with spruce, fir and pine, I was overtaken by mist. Like one in a trance I watched its vanguards rushing at me from all directions. When striking a tree, they would momentarily halt and scatter, only to gather themselves in an instant later and to swallow up that tree, branches, trunk and all, then to move forward in their irresistible march. Presently all the trees, one

clump after another, were hid from my sight, and I found me standing all alone as if the sole survivor of my race. Were it not for a few feet of the earth I was still able to discern in front of me, and for the air I was still breathing, I should have thought me detached from everything in earth and sky.

It is at once a strange and an awesome sensation, that of feeling oneself cut off entirely from the world of visible things with nothing to remind one of it save certain images previously captured and preserved in some dark recesses of one's brain. The skies with the myriad celestial bodies gracing them are nothing but a memory. So is the earth with all the fascinating things dotting its glorious surface. All is drowned in a whitish, formless, shoreless sea. You alone have not been sucked up by that awful sea. You alone have not changed in the midst of that breath-taking change. The rest of creation, whose presence stirred up in you so many wonderful, though often conflicting, thoughts and emotions, has vanished into nothing as if it never were anything but a dream, a phantom, a sweet hallucination. Is it possible that you, the puny biped standing still erect in the face of that mist which has swallowed everything, are mightier than mist? Are you perchance the only reality out of which grows every other reality in the world?

Quite unconsciously on your part your imagination drifts so readily with the mist until you begin to feel yourself as one with it. You, too, are made up of innumerable fine particles sprayed over all things and into all things. You, too, are a boundless expanse with neither bars nor boundaries; neither a beginning nor an end. In that expanse there is no birth or death; no effort and no struggle; no joy or sorrow; no fear of punishment and no hope of reward. You are a shoreless ocean unlashed by storm and stress, and free of driftwood and foam.

Yet no matter how far you may be carried by your imagination, you *know* in your deepest depths that mist is mist, and must sooner or later lift and be dissipated. You know that Nature, the greatest magician and the mother of all magicians, has provided an amulet for every kind of her tricks of magic. By a sleight of hand she spreads the immense sheet of mist over the earth; and by a similar sleight of hand she gathers up that sheet a while later, crumples it, tears it into shreds and scatters it to the four winds of heaven.

And lo! The mist has vanished as if it had never been. The earth is still the earth, and the blue vault overhead is still blue and still overhead. The creatures filling the earth and sky are still the same in their habitat, and the ties that bound you to them are still unbroken. You

are you — that very strange, incomprehensible wanderer ever adrift on the face of the earth without realizing in the least the great similarity between himself and the earth, and between its mist and his mist.

Mist in the earth is the dampness disengaged by the heat of the sun from seas and marshy places, and spread by the wind over all visible things rendering them invisible. In Man it is a similar dampness disengaged by the heat of Life from the marshy corners of the soul and made to shroud all the high lights of the soul.

Thus sorrow is mist effused by the swamps of fear, uncertainty, unbelief, and made to enfold the soul so completely as to blind it to all the serenity, the certainty and the faith with which Life abounds.

Mist also is that exuberant joy which is drunk with the wine of lowly animal passions, which wine is usually extracted from putrid carcasses in the human heart.

Likewise is anger a mist raised by ignorance from the bogs of the misguided ego which insists on being obeyed by all, yet itself remaining most disobedient.

Mist is doubt. Mist is despondence. Mist is the grin of the victor and the growl of the vanquished. Mist is this intellectual, moral, political, economical and spiritual anarchy which saturates today the atmosphere of the whole earth.

What people need at present more than at any time in the past is a mighty, ringing voice to remind them that mist is mist. What they actually have is this noisy chorus of panic-stricken owls and ravens who are constantly stirring up in their souls the stinking swamps of distrust, hatred, vindictiveness and greed in an attempt to bludgeon them into believing that the mist effused by these swamps is not only real, but the sole reality; and that all else is but a delusion.

The ears of the present-day world are dreadfully a-buzz with the clamour of war-lords, politicians, lawmakers, men of business and finance, and *reformers* of all sorts. What these ears long for is the voice that shall sing for them the valour of Man in his war against the best in him, not against his brother-man; and his greatness as a world wherein all worlds converge, and not as a "great patriot," or a prominent citizen of this or that parcel of this globe so insignificant among the myriad globes swinging in the space; and the majesty of Man as the true image and likeness of the Power from whom he issued forth, rather than man the butcher, the trickster and the moneymaker.

The eyes of the world of today, weary of that world's mist and blinded thereby, are devoutly praying for the hand that shall brush

away the mist and enable them to see the unutterable beauty and grandeur of Man — that beauty and that grandeur which, if hid from the myopic, have never been and shall never be just mist.

Perhaps the day in which we shall hear that voice and behold that hand is not far in the distance.

MIKHAIL NAIMY

THE HYPOTHESIS OF REINCARNATION

THE IDEA OF REINCARNATION, which is a cardinal belief in Eastern religions, is generally fought shy of by people of Christian persuasion. The enormous accumulation of material in Western schools of Psychical Research and the increased study of Para-psychology have made it necessary for open-minded thinkers of the West to consider the hypothesis of reincarnation seriously. Mr. Ian Stevenson of the University of Virginia brings a dispassionate, objective, scientific temper to the study of this question. In *The Evidence for Survival from Claimed Memories of Former Incarnations*, he analyzes the data compiled from various sources, consisting of twenty-eight interesting cases of claimed memories of previous births, and examines several hypotheses put forward in an attempted explanation of the facts. He successively considers fraud, misreporting, unconscious hoax, racial memory, extra-sensory perception of apparent recollection, retrocognition, precognition, communication from disembodied spirits, possession, telepathy, clairvoyance and finally reincarnation. After dismissing all the alternatives, he considers reincarnation as the most plausible hypothesis for understanding the cases. While admitting that the data does not amount to proof of this hypothesis, he sees sufficient basis to justify more extensive and sympathetic study of the hypothesis of reincarnation than it has received from Western writers.

D. GURUMURTI

THE SPIRITUAL HUMANISM OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[**Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao** is an old friend, well known to our readers for his philosophical contributions. In this essay he contributes to the centenary appraisal of Tagore with his thoughtful outline of the poet's basic philosophy, a "spiritual humanism" inspired by the Upanishads and sustained by Tagore's own capacity for a deep-seeing love.—ED.]

RABINDRANATH TAGORE combined in himself three distinct rôles: those of a poet, a philosopher and a patriot. He exercised one of the greatest influences on contemporary Indian culture and Hinduism, second only to that of Mahatma Gandhi. By virtue of sheer genius, spiritual insight, imaginative sympathy and moral earnestness he held the loyalty and affection of men in the East and in the West. His influence on poets in the Indian languages is both widespread and profound. He has left for us not only a rich intellectual heritage but a great educational institution he built up: his Santiniketan, abode of peace.

The enormous range of his work extends to more than one thousand poems, two thousand songs, a large number of short stories, novels, dramas and essays on religion, education, politics and literature. His poems are really understood only by those who know Bengali; they suffer much in English translation. Still one cannot miss their extraordinary qualities. The poet's character, philosophy and religion are best brought out in his poems, especially the *Gitanjali,* the lectures in *Sadhana, Personality* and *Creative Unity,* and his Hibbert Lectures, *The Religion of Man.*

Tagore is essentially a poet in search of Truth, an earnest and an intrepid seeker. He seeks truth not up the logical staircase, nor in the veiled precincts of the theologians; he is a free spirit, ill at ease in the conventional modes of religion and social institutions. He did not uproot himself from India's past, but only seized upon the best in the past and freely borrowed the good from Western civilization and science. All through his life he had a deep humanity surging in him which was responsible for his passionate sense of justice, which never failed to the hour of his death. He loathed the aggressive nationalist ideologies and imperialisms that expressed their land-hunger in domination of other countries. In the words of Pandit Nehru,

> more than any other Indian Tagore has helped to bring into harmony the ideas of the East and the West and broadened the basis of Indian

Nationalism. He has been India's Internationalist *par excellence,* believing and working for international co-operation, taking India's message to other countries and bringing their message to his people.

He had a "reverence for life" and loved human existence and gloried in its rich experiences. To him life was instinct with beauty and must be lived with grace. He never severed the unity of life and nature, God and man, art and life, theory and practice; for his sense of unity sprang directly from his vision of Reality.

In his philosophical thought and religion he was stoutly opposed to impersonal Absolutism. He was cradled in the songs and the faith of the Vaishnavas of Bengal, who looked upon the Lord as a supreme personality. Tagore's theism is warm and full of life and poetic imagery. He establishes an intimate, personal, almost anthropomorphic, relation with God. He plays hide-and-seek with the Lord. He teases the Lord, "Had not there been 'I,' Lord of the three worlds, your love would have been empty." He looks upon his soul as the bride of the Lord, waiting to receive him, every hour. He pours forth poems in a strain of anguish at separation from the Lord. He holds that Man needs God to complete himself. Tagore lays equal stress on the humanity of God and on the divinity of man. God enjoys his play with the finite. Tagore writes, "My poet, is it Thy delight to see Thy creation through my eyes and stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to Thine own eternal harmony?"

Tagore did not look upon human life as a snare or a nightmare. He saw life as the manifestation or as the glory of the Lord. He did not believe in *maya-vada.* His theory is rather a *lila-vada.* He never distrusted the glory of full life. He found it no cause for complaint that we human beings are clothed in warm flesh and are open to exciting passions and vile temptations. He believed that life is a great gift of Nature. Beautiful living could be the gift of our wisdom. He had a loving belief that the right type of human relations are the springs of spiritual life. "We need not pluck out our eyes to see well."

Tagore never approved of that philosophy which counsels us to go to mountain tops and monasteries. He never severed life and spirit. The Spirit, according to Tagore, has given itself existence on earth in the lives of men. "*Samsara* is a succession of spiritual opportunities." He was up against all forms of conventional superstitions and vulgar and brutal rituals. He was brought up by his father on the great scriptures of India, *i.e.*, the Upanishads. The Upanishads constitute his great in-

spiration. He writes:—

> To me the verses of the Upanishads and the teaching of Buddha have ever been things of the spirit and therefore endowed with boundless vital growth, and I have used them both in my life and in my preaching as being instinct with individual meaning for me.

Tagore takes his stand on the Upanishads. He interprets their doctrines afresh in terms of the psychological idiom of the age. At his hands, the doctrines are expounded with vision and moral earnestness. They acquire a natural depth and vastness of importance that is due to poetic, creative rethinking.

Tagore never was in favour of a formal renunciation. He believed in an active moral life as envisaged in the *Gita* and the Upanishads. He never looked upon the world as an illusory abode where we should not build our permanent habitation. He never sought to escape from life, nor did he think the injustice, squalor and wickedness of the world an organic part of the world. He never asked us to suffer gladly the ills of life, with the consolation that they are only the "light afflictions that mark the temporal lot of man." Tagore never extolled the tense purity that shrinks from stepping into life. He insisted, like Schweitzer, on a "reverence for life." He never envisaged any religious ideal that robbed life of all its ethical significance and weakened its moral fibre.

Tagore prays for an active, long, moral life. In his lectures and sermons he often criticizes the view "that action weakens contemplation, Art leads to wickedness, politics to corruption and evil." He is first and foremost a *karmayogin*. His conception of ultimate reality is that of the living Spirit called by him *Jīvana-Devatā*. The Spirit is infinite and eternal. It is full of *rasa, i.e.*, joy. The Spirit expands itself into the world of nature and plenty to play with the finite. Creation is not a veil hiding the resplendent face of Reality. It is its joyful manifestation. Creation is the sport of the Lord. It is the love-drama of the finite and the infinite. Things are distinct only in their appearance, but in their essence they are one. The surrender of the finite to the infinite is the goal of life. *The Jīvana-Devatā* has two aspects. In his immanent aspect (*antaryāmin*) he is in all things. To love all is to love him. This is the religion of man. The transcendent aspect is the Lord. Absolute self-surrender to the Lord is the way to make ourselves perfect and regenerate beings. Tagore's prayer is full of the sense of surrender. He asks of the Lord:—

> Give me the strength to surrender my strength to Thy will with

> Love . . . only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for Thee to fill with music. . . .
>
> I am certain that priceless wealth is in Thee, and Thou art my best friend, but I have not the heart to sweep away the tinsel that fills my room. The shroud that covers me is a shroud of dust and death; I hate it, yet hug it in love. My debts are large, my failure is great, my shame secret and heavy; yet when I come to ask for my good, I quake in fear lest my prayer be granted.

The problem of devotion is, How does, how can one become a flute in Krishna's hand? To become the flute means to become hollow. If the flute is stuffed with passions, desires, lust, etc., the music will not flow from it. One must empty oneself of one's ego before one becomes a perfect instrument in the hands of God. There must be self-emptying before there is divine filling.

Tagore in his *Sadhana* raises the question, "Why Love?" and answers, "When I say I love, then there is no room for the *why*." It is the final answer itself. The extinction of selfishness is love. Love gives the deathblow to the pretentious inflation of the ego. Further, love is the expression of freedom. It has not the element of compulsion in it: Love is positive freedom. Its enemies are compulsion and licence.

Tagore's doctrine of devotion borders on the language of love. He sings of the soul as the bride of the Lord. Tagore's mysticism is the Vaishnava and the Saiva type of bridal mysticism. The human soul is the spouse of the Lord. The end of human life is God-realization. "In the running stream sounds the joyful assurance, 'I shall become the sea.'" It is our separatist feeling (*bheda-bhāva*) that is responsible for our sorrow. It is again the separatist feeling that is responsible for the acquisitive instinct:—

> All our belongings assume weight by the ceaseless gravitation of our selfish desires. They seem to belong to our very nature, to stick to us as second skin, and we bleed when we detach them.

Tagore pleads for a feeling of kinship with Nature. He held the view that self-realization is the enlargement of one's consciousness by growing with and growing into one's surroundings. Man appears a problem only when he is exhibited in the glare of a fiercely artificial light. He must be viewed in the context of Nature. There is a fundamental unity of all existence. It is the living experience of the sages and it is the message of the forests. The fundamental unity of existence is not a vague idle poetic fancy. It is the poet's artistic experience proved on his

pulse. The Upanishads speak of it in glowing terms, the *Gita* declares it aloud, the Buddha and the mystics affirm it. Tagore understood and lived the experience. To understand the Upanishads one needs something more than scholarship and the familiar knowledge of the critical categories of philosophy; one needs a singular freedom from prejudice and partisanship, a flicker of wisdom and insight, a capacity to look beneath appearances. Mere industry and discipline are not enough. Tagore had all the qualities required to live the spirit of the Upanishads. He says about his religion:—

> My religion is essentially a poet's religion. Its touch comes to me through the same unseen and trackless channels as does the inspiration of my music and poetry. . . . All that I feel about it is from vision and not knowledge.

Tagore did not take his religion passively from the accident of his birth. Religion was for him a matter of individual growth from within. He was opposed to pharisaism and the dogmatic cults of organized religions.

Tagore had the good fortune to be brought up in a family and by parents who were liberal in their views and had an universal outlook. Nature was liberal to Tagore in her gifts and fortune in her favours. An atmosphere is more than a creed. Tagore severely criticized the shallow and the cruel orthodoxies surrounding him. On the doors of the Tagore home is inscribed the essence of his creed:—

> Here no life will be taken, no flesh or idol brought in, no irreverent word spoken against any worship or deity, and no indulgence in unclean mirth.

In Tagore's philosophy the concept of the perfectly developed man is this:—

> For us the highest purpose of this world is not merely living in it, knowing it, and making use of it, but realizing our own selves in it through the expansion of sympathy; not alienating ourselves from it and dominating it, but comprehending and uniting it with ourselves in perfect union.

Tagore insisted on our realizing and seeing the infinite in the finite. Nature and human life to him was divine. He hated the mechanical and the utilitarian concepts that dominate the atomic age:—

> Man should realize that this world is not a storehouse of mechanical power, but a habitation of man's soul, with its eternal music and beauty

and its light of divine presence. . . . Nature and God are not two entities. To divide them is just like dividing the bud and blossom into two separate categories and putting their grace to the credit of two antithetical principles.

Tagore loved the Indian scheme of *ashrama* life, the life lived in kinship with Nature. He described the message of the Upanishads as the message of the forests. He observed: "The forests in India are the living cathedrals and the sanctuary of the sages." He loved Kalidasa and was influenced greatly by him. He described himself as "a belated Kalidasa."

Tagore had a high regard for the liberty and freedom of the individual. He never allowed his sense of freedom to be compromised. Tagore's philosophy is a type of concrete idealism. He realizes the value of human personality to such an extent that he does not favour the view of a complete absorption of the finite in the Absolute. Tagore upholds the destiny and the value of human personality to the endless end. Tagore is the prophet of humanity. The ruling ideas in Tagore are the sanctity of human life and the necessity of an active moral life. He never envisaged a state in which we can have "freedom from action"; we have only "freedom in action. . . ." True renunciation is active disinterested love of man. For the man of detachment, his house is the hermitage (*nivṛttarāgasya gṛham tapovanam*). Tagore looked upon human life as the great gift of the Lord. To despise it is to be irreligious: "I have had my invitation to this world's festival, and thus my life has been blessed."

P. NAGARAJA RAO

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

"NOT A SPARROW FALLS...."

[**Miss Odette Tchernine** has contributed to THE ARYAN PATH many poems full of philosophic and gentle feeling, and a small book of her selected poems was published by the Guild Press in 1956. Her sympathy for the animal world is based on a sense of kinship in spiritual nature, and in this she opens up an interesting line of thought. The passages culled from the writings of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky which are subjoined present the teachings of the ancient Wisdom-Religion on the subject, and will offer much to perceptive minds.—ED.]

FRIENDS AND I were sitting in Hampton Court, and beams of the early setting sun caught a twinkle of mobile scarlet, black and white, on a seat across the wide footpath that was lined with trees shaped in evidence of the topiary's art.

"It's a parakeet — no, a budgerigar," said one friend.

"Not a budgie; wrong colours," remarked another.

Unable to resist my interest, I walked across to the seated person holding the lively flash of colour. She was an ageless looking, slim woman with a calm distance in her eyes. Then I saw: her pet was a marmoset monkey, a furry miniature with perfect, intelligent features that reflected enquiry, little agile hands, and ears edged with exquisite haloes of soft white fur. The scarlet touch? That was a vermilion knitted coat round the little thing's middle. A long prehensile tail, and quick-moving head appeared at either end.

The marmoset was called Sally, and her owner told me in reply to my questions that she had possessed her since she was a morsel a few weeks old brought over from Brazil. Sally's eyes glittered like golden diamonds. She shook hands quite civilly with me, and gave my fingers a sharp but harmless kiss. Her owner told me she enjoyed life, and accompanied her out of doors, but liked indoor exercise too. For that purpose little swings had been arranged for her.

A passer-by approached the seat where Sally held court and wanted to photograph her. Her owner refused with grave dignity: Sally was not to be made a public curiosity. She disappeared in the cushion-lined little wicker basket in which apparently she travelled everywhere with her mistress.

That incident of a small animal's awareness of human contact, and her owner's reticence before a camera, reminded me of two sets of circumstances.

The first is the comparatively recent incident when a pet wolf

escaped from its owner's back garden, and in the hue and cry that followed was killed accidentally when captured, a misfortune for which neither police nor other officials could be blamed in view of their hazardous task. It is irrelevant here, though worth a passing thought, to discuss whether there should not be legislation to prevent people from keeping allegedly dangerous wild animals without adequate safeguards. What interested me was a passer-by's statement that she had met the wolf and thought it was a dog, and that it had just sat and looked at her before loping away; also the remark by the wolf's owner, probably not quite unprejudiced, that Devil-Face (its name) was a gentle creature who allowed her daughter to play with it. One does not feel at ease at the thought of savage animals in a back garden, but that wolf must have acquired some point of common understanding, an awareness of its human owners.

The second set of circumstances related to an incident several years ago, also connected with wolves. But first I would like to postulate a theory.

Some theologians claim with absolute certainty that animals have no souls. Yet the Gospels tell us that not a sparrow falls but heaven knows of it. If the sparrow, or any other lesser creature than man, were nothing more than a transiently animated chemical assembly of flesh, bone, feather or fur, ground back into substance of earth without revival, would there be record of heavenly knowledge of one sparrow's fall?

The lesser creatures have an eternal life and awareness of their own, apart from their temporal habitation. It occurs on different wavelengths from ours, and at different levels. It may be a "group" spirit that revives to bodily life again and again in each bird or beast generation handing down pre-knowledge patterns or experience forming behaviour. Somewhere along the wavelengths there is an occasional meeting-point with humans. Such humans are the people who can establish contact with animals and birds.

Here is where we return to the theme of wolves. Several years ago in the course of observation and record, I witnessed the power one man had over completely unapproachable untamed wolves. By previous arrangement I was admitted to the London Zoological Gardens one morning before they were open to the public, as that was where I was to meet "The Wolf Man." Some of the young wolves were kept in an outdoor enclosure. Before Mr. S — had arrived for our meeting, I stood outside the enclosure and spoke to the animals softly as one would to strange dogs to gain their confidence. They looked exactly like gangling Alsatians

that were not quite adult.

But the behaviour was different. At first they took no notice of me. Then something clicked. They prowled backwards and forwards, and finally three of them stopped, sat down on their haunches, and surveyed me strangely out of untrustworthy yellow eyes.

Then Mr. S — appeared, and the attitude of the whole pack changed to one of ecstatic welcome. He entered the enclosure, and their excitement and joy rose to fever pitch as he whispered to them, played with them, and they took turns to being tossed up in the air, one of them eventually lolling over his shoulder like a pet dog.

Mr. S — possessed a very weird power over his "friends," as he called the wolves of the Zoo and Whipsnade, and a few minutes later he demonstrated it again by going into the cage of two of the Zoo's fiercest wolves, Orloff and Lassie. They too greeted him as if he were a vulpine god.

A while back Lassie had had cubs, and no keeper at such times attempts to enter a cage. Mr. S — did, and Lassie brought her cubs out for him to fondle.

Now I was privileged to witness another demonstration in which Mr. S — showed the love and intelligence of his "friends," Lassie in particular this time. He emerged from the cage, and came round to the front railings outside of which I stood, visible to the wolves. One of the keepers was there, and in full view of the animals Mr. S — took his hand and shook it friendlywise. Neither beast took any notice.

"Watch!" said the Wolf Man, and he took my hand in the same kindly gesture. The male wolf paid no attention, but went on gnawing a bone in a corner of the cage, but Lassie flung herself against the bars, teeth bared, snarling savagely at me. I would have fared badly had railings not separated us.

"Now watch again!" Mr. S — enjoined, smiling slightly, and re-entered the cage, fearless.

Lassie's psychological transformation was complete. Bristles smoothed down and whining with joy she crawled at his feet, fawning in adoration and delight that he was there again and not touching that alien female outsider — me.

The mysterious influence this man had over his savage pets was an uncanny phenomenon. However repelled one may feel by them because wolves are of sinister connotation, there was a certain understanding in them. They had caught rays of communication from him, and had responded to his love and complete lack of fear. There must therefore be

a spirit, probably at a low and craven level, even among the predatory beasts.

I have semi-tame birds that visit my large balcony. One or two experiences might be considered unusual. Some time ago among hordes of sparrows was a rather frail hen sparrow with one white wing feather. Whitey, as I called her, kept apart from the others most of the time, coming to feed fastidiously on her own, and she had a keener awareness than her fellows. One day as I was making appropriate small sounds of communication to her, she came up to my hand and settled near it with extraordinary enquiry and intelligence in her eyes. She seemed to ask for something, and was not afraid. Her confidence did not extend to allowing me to pick her up, for when I attempted that she hopped away, and did not appear to be weak and ailing as she had done a second before. I had thought she was injured and needed help as she huddled there. But she had only been putting on an "act." Later she would return to feed, but the moment of direct sympathy did not recur, though she knew me better than the other sparrows did. I never saw Whitey again. Some intuition told me she must have died, just another sparrow to fall. There was an odd sequel a few months later, when her exact replica even to the white feather in the same place on her left wing, visited my balcony, and fed tamely and with intimate knowledge in her bright dark eyes.

I had had a queer dream before this happened in which a delicate and transparent Whitey was looking down on her own lifeless body, and I had smiled over the dream, realizing what an important part my half-wild pets played in my life. Now I wondered if when she came to my hand those months ago she was trying to convey the news of an offspring, the young sleek sparrow with the white feather that was taking her place.

There is more to it than a mechanical and automatic repetition of pattern in animal or bird behaviour when they react so intelligently, and with such knowledge and memory. Human conceit is apparent in the assumption that man's spirit alone is immortal, and in dismissing the conduct of lesser creatures as archetypal rhythmic duplications without conscious motive or reason.

At the moment of writing this, a soft muted bird note sounds on the balcony, the low whistling song, the regular quiet melody which a hen blackbird has performed daily to signal her presence and her desire for conversation as well as for breakfast. Some weeks ago, she and her yellow-beaked partner disappeared and did not come again. I missed

her song, whistle, and balcony rail dance in particular, for the male blackbird only appeared intermittently as if to see if his mate's breakfast "club" was a suitable haunt! And now they are here again, probably busy with courtship, but remembering the balcony and the odd, larger creature who talks to them, and gives them food. The male bird has at last condescended to feed too!

The awareness and memory of animals and birds are intelligently motivated, and not merely explained by scientific terms — a mysterious eternal spirit shines in their bright eyes.

Not a sparrow falls. . . .

ODETTE TCHERNINE

ANIMALS AS LIVING SOULS

(Extracted from the Writings of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky)

. . . even the brute creation was not excluded by the ancient Hebrews from a participation in the worship of their deity, and . . . it was placed upon many occasions on a par with man himself. The whole question rests upon the misconception that "soul," *nephesh,* is entirely distinct from "spirit" — *ruach.* And yet it is clearly stated that "God breathed into the nostrils (of man) *the breath of life* and man became a living soul," *nephesh,* neither more nor less than an animal, for the soul of an animal is also called *nephesh.* It is by development that the *soul* becomes *spirit,* both being the lower and the higher rungs of one and the same ladder whose basis is the UNIVERSAL SOUL or spirit.

St. Paul . . . shows the animal *hoping* for, and *living in the expectation of the same "deliverance from the bonds of corruption"* as any good Christian.

Christians understand by it the renovation of bodies after the second coming of Christ; and limit it to man, to the exclusion of animals. The students of the *Secret Doctrine* explain it by the successive renovation and perfection of forms on the scale of objective and subjective being, and in a long series of evolutionary transformations from animal to man, and upward. . . .

Would that every one of the profoundly wise words of the Apostle Paul — an Initiate whatever else he might have been — was as clearly understood as those passages that relate to the animals. For then . . . the indestructibility of matter taught by materialistic science; the law of eternal evolution, so bitterly denied by the Church; the omnipresence of the ONE LIFE, or the unity of the ONE ELEMENT, and its presence throughout the whole of nature as preached by esoteric philosophy, and the secret

sense of St. Paul's remarks to the Romans (viii. 18-23), would be demonstrated beyond doubt or cavil to be obviously one and the same thing.

The dumb brute having evoluted from the half sentient plant, is itself transformed by degrees into man, spirit, God — *et seq. and ad infinitum*!

The hope of redemption, or, of the survival of the spiritual entity, delivered "from the bondage of corruption," or the series of temporary material forms, is for *all living* creatures, not for man alone.

—From "Have Animals Souls?" in *The Theosophist*, Jan., Feb., March 1886

The doctrine teaches that the only difference between animate and inanimate objects on earth, between an animal and a human frame, is that in some the various "fires" are latent, and in others they are active. The *vital fires* are in all things and not an atom is devoid of them. But no animal has the three higher principles awakened in him; they are simply potential, latent, and thus *non-existing*.

—*The Secret Doctrine*, II. 267

In calling the animal "Soulless," it is not depriving the beast, from the humblest to the highest species, of a "soul," but only of a conscious surviving *Ego-soul, i.e.*, that principle which survives after a man, and reincarnates in a like man.

—*Ibid.*, II. 196 fn.

. . . *Lucifer*, or "Light-Bearer," is in us: it is our *Mind* — our tempter and Redeemer, our intelligent liberator and Saviour from pure animalism. Without this principle — the emanation of the very essence of the pure divine principle *Mahat* (Intelligence), which radiates direct from the *Divine mind* — we would be surely no better than animals. The first man Adam was made only a *living soul* (nephesh), the last Adam was made a *quickening Spirit*: — says Paul, his words referring to the building or *Creation* of man. Without this *quickening* spirit, or *human Mind* or soul, there would be no difference between man and beast; as there is none, in fact, between animals with respect to their actions. The tiger and the donkey, the hawk and the dove, are each one as pure and as innocent as the other, because *irresponsible*. Each follows its instinct, the tiger and the hawk killing with the same unconcern as the donkey eats a thistle, or the dove pecks at a grain of corn.

—*Ibid.*, II. 513

As the Soul of the World permeates the whole Cosmos, even beasts must have in them something divine. This, also, is the doctrine of Buddhists and the Hermetists, and Manu endows with a living soul even the plants and the tiniest blade of grass.

—*Isis Unveiled*, I. xix

[Father Kircher] instances the aversion which the vine feels for the cabbage, and its fondness toward the olive-tree; the love of the ranunculus for the water lily, and of the rue for the fig. The antipathy which sometimes exists even among kindred substances is clearly demonstrated in the case of the Mexican pomegranate, whose shoots, when cut to pieces, repel each other with the "most extraordinary ferocity."

Kircher accounts for every feeling in human nature as results of changes in our magnetic condition. Anger, jealousy, friendship, love, and hatred, are all modifications of the magnetic atmosphere which is developed in us and constantly emanates from us. Love is one of the most variable, and therefore the aspects of it are numberless. Spiritual love, that of a mother for her child, of an artist for some particular art, love as pure friendship, are purely magnetic manifestations of sympathy in congenial natures. *The magnetism of pure love is the originator of every created thing.* In its ordinary sense love between the sexes is electricity, and he calls it *amor febris species,* the fever of species. There are two kinds of magnetic attraction: sympathy and fascination; the one holy and natural, the other evil and unnatural.

—*Ibid.,* I. 209-210

The same power is exercised . . . by persons known as wild beast tamers. On the banks of the Nile, some of the natives can charm the crocodiles out of the water, with a peculiarly melodious, low whistle, and handle them with impunity; while others possess such powers over the most deadly snakes.

—*Ibid.,* I. 381

We have seen in India a small brotherhood of fakirs settled round a little lake, or rather a deep pool of water, the bottom of which was literally carpeted with enormous alligators. These amphibious monsters crawl out, and warm themselves in the sun, a few feet from the fakirs, some of whom may be motionless, lost in prayer and contemplation. So long as one of these holy beggars remains in view, the crocodiles are as harmless as kittens. . . . When Iamblichus, Herodotus, Pliny, or some other ancient writer tells us of priests who caused asps to come forth from the altar of Isis, or of thaumaturgists taming with a glance the most ferocious animals, they are considered liars and ignorant imbeciles. When modern travellers tell us of the same wonders performed in the East, they are set down as enthusiastic jabberers, or *untrustworthy* writers.

But, despite materialistic skepticism, man does possess such a power. . . . When psychology and physiology become worthy of the name of sciences, Europeans will be convinced of the weird and formidable potency existing in the human will and imagination, whether exercised consciously or otherwise. And yet, how easy to realize such power in *spirit,* if we

only think of that grand truism in nature that every most insignificant atom in it is moved by *spirit,* which is *one* in its essence, for the least particle of it represents the *whole*; and that matter is but the concrete copy of the abstract idea, after all.

—*Ibid.*, I. 383-384

HE DREAMS OF THE GODS

(After Goethe)

He dreams, he dreams of the gods,
The unknown, the divine.
They dwell beyond the last warm spatter of blossom,
Beyond the last brown shadow, on the hill past the farthest hill.
Yet his voice hails them: with broken words he hails them,
Yet his words shine.

Along the pavement of his dream, a little step, are those words luminous.
They stammer his hopes.
For he would resemble the gods,
He would walk with the unknown, the divine.
He is urgent through the brown shadows, but soon, on the far border of the blossoms,
He falters, he gropes.

The light of his voice has grown feeble, it fails his feet so quickly.
A scarf-mist spreads
Yonder, a gulf of original void, and he must wait for the next crimson glitter of morning,
The rose-golden flash in a sunset, to behold again
Their stern, strong heads.

Moth-like the curfew swims from eternity's towers: he feels the gloom welling
Into his heart.
Starkly the night is stabbed by a cold swung star, transforming
The warm blossom to a bleak of snowtime,
And mocking, mocking him with "You and I, you and the gods, O mortal,
Are a thousand ages apart."

Yea, a thousand and a thousand; but still he believes in their nearness, their goodness,

For in him
Is the goodness. He hails the divine because he is divine.
He stammers his hopes into the unknown albeit hither from yonder,
From the hill past the farthest hill, there cometh not life only, but death;
The bright and the dim;
Terror no less than gladness. Beauty is shattered,
The brain is stricken blind
That sees evil. And hither from yonder the winter sweeps, ruthless,
Bracing or blasting the good with the wicked. To one as the other the sun and the summer
Are callous or kind.

And man, the brave copy of this god or this god, by laws that are changeless and chanceless
Must for ever abide.
His cycle of living is accomplished in all other beings,
All the creatures he knows. He breathes to the same beat of time,
He breasts the same tide.

But he alone dreams of the gods,
The unknown, the divine.
Who else hath groped yonder, past the warm spatter or blossom,
The brown shadow? Who else hath divided the godlike and evil,
Giving judgment, rewarding and cursing, as though his were the godhead,
And these the proud sign!

The gods are his glory, he dreams of their goodness and wisdom,
Their contentions and laughter,
As though they were mortals, doing greatly and grandly
What pitifully he in his measure. Yet alone
He hails the immortal. He only, of all creatures he knows, would resemble
The gods he gropes after.

THOMAS MOULT

ANANDA COOMARASWAMY

A PROFILE

[**Shri A. Ranganathan** wrote in our issue for September 1959 a thoughtful article on "The Need to Retain English in India." Readers will find interesting this outline of the career and qualities of Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, who did so much to win for India a comprehending respect from the West.—ED.]

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY has recorded that he was able to profit by the "extraordinary combination of vast learning and penetrating insight which gave to Coomaraswamy his unique importance as a mediator between East and West." This may surprise many Indian readers who have regarded Coomaraswamy as a prophet of the most creative phase of Indian nationalism. To any student of Coomaraswamy's thought, however, it is clear that beginning with an avowedly national perspective in his earlier days, Coomaraswamy over the years began to appreciate all that was best in other cultures and traditions, attaining a universal quality in his mature works.

Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy was born on August 22nd, 1877, in Colombo, Ceylon. His father, Sir Muthu Coomaraswamy, was noted for his gifts of forensic brilliance and classical scholarship, and was the first Asian to be knighted during the reign of Queen Victoria. Sir Muthu enjoyed the esteem of such men as Lord Palmerston, Lord Tennyson and Lord Beaconsfield. Indeed, when Lord Beaconsfield published his novel *Tancred,* it was found that Muthu Coomaraswamy was one of the most important characters of the book. In 1875, Sir Muthu married an English lady of Kent named Elizabeth Clay Beeby, and when Ananda was born, he received the second name of "Kentish."

Ananda Coomaraswamy had a brilliant career at Wycliffe College and London University, which led to his appointment as the director of the Mineralogical Survey of Ceylon at the young age of twenty-six. It is well known that his research work won him a D.SC. of the London University. His valuable discovery of "thorianite" in 1904, however, is not generally known. In the course of his official duties, he became interested in the artistic heritage of Ceylon which led him on to make a scientific survey of the surviving guilds of the mediæval Sinhalese craftsmen and their lovely crafts, which he has recorded in his classic monograph on *Mediæval Sinhalese Art.* Soon he abandoned geology altogether and devoted himself wholly to the study of the arts and cul-

ture of India and Ceylon. It was at this time that Coomaraswamy brought out his excellent publication on *The Aims of Indian Art*. It is well to remember that Coomaraswamy went to the past not to create ideally picturesque forms of Indian art, but to gather facts in a spirit of scientific scholarship. He was not a romantic æsthetician but the foremost academic historian of Indian and Indonesian art. In collecting the ideals and traditions of Indian art scattered through the ages he succeeded in creating a new consciousness of a great heritage of artistic achievement and of cultural unity.

At this stage, it is necessary to make an assessment of Coomaraswamy's approach to Indian nationalism. It is clear that the æsthetic philosophy of Indian nationalism found its most articulate exponent in Coomaraswamy during the first decade of the twentieth century. In one of his *Essays in National Idealism* he wrote:—

> We want our India for ourselves because we believe each nation has its own part to play in the long tale of human progress and nations which are not free to develop their own individuality and character are also unable to make the contribution to the sum of human culture which the world has a right to expect of them.

In other words, he argued that every nation ought to make its own contribution to what Mazzini acclaimed as "the concert of mankind, the total orchestra of human genius." The importance of Coomaraswamy's contribution to Indian politics lies in the fact that he had spiritualized the Mazzinian concept of nationalism. Emerson had criticized the intellectual apprenticeship of American writers to Europe in his famous oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1837. This lecture, in which Emerson maintained that "our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close," has been hailed as America's intellectual Declaration of Independence. Similarly, to Coomaraswamy, Indian nationalism was a quest for self-realization, a spiritual Declaration of Independence.

Coomaraswamy visited India thrice and purchased a remarkable collection of art objects. He was willing to make a gift of it to any institution which would erect a suitable gallery to house the collection. The authorities of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts not only acquired the collection but, in 1917, also appointed Dr. Coomaraswamy "Fellow for Research in Indian, Persian and Mohammedan Art." The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is the repository of one of the most comprehensive collections of ancient Indian art in the world. Storage jars dating back

to the Indus Valley civilization, Bodhisattva statues of Gandhara, ancient Jain manuscripts, Mughul and Rajput paintings, are but a few specimens of the rare collection treasured in the Museum.

There can be no doubt that Dr. Coomaraswamy's migration to Boston was a gain, viewed retrospectively; it led to a deeper appreciation of Indian art in the West and particularly in America. And it is also clear that his stay at Needham (a quiet little town, twelve miles away from Boston) widened his intellectual horizon and deepened his ideas on mysticism. Here we are not concerned with his contributions to Indian art as such, but with that frame of mind which he applied to the problems of art, religion and philosophy. The result is that he harmonized his astonishing range of interests, Eastern and Western, into that unity of outlook which invests his writings with a lasting significance. Indeed, Coomaraswamy has argued in his *Hindu View of Art* that the fusion of religious ecstasy and artistic experience is not an exclusively Hindu view; it has been expounded by many others, such as the Neo-Platonists, Hsieh Ho, Goethe, Blake, Schopenhauer and Schiller, and also restated by Croce.

Coomaraswamy was particularly keen in the task of building a bridge of understanding between the peoples of America and India. In 1924, he founded in New York an Indian Cultural Centre for the promotion of cultural relations between the two countries. Coomaraswamy hoped for a more fruitful era in East-West cultural relations and wrote

> that men like the English De Morgan and George Boole, the American Emerson and the contemporary Frenchmen René Guénon and Jacques De Marquette were able to make a real and vital contact with Indian metaphysics which became for them a transforming experience

and explained the desirability of

> using one tradition to illuminate the other and so as to demonstrate even more clearly that the variety of traditional cultures, in all of which there subsisted until now a polar balance of spiritual and material values, is simply that of the dialects of what is always one and the same language of the spirit, of that perennial philosophy to which no one people or age can lay an exclusive claim.

Although Coomaraswamy had become the President of the National Committee of India's Freedom, which had its headquarters in Washington, he was not unduly concerned with the political aspect of freedom. Even his message when India achieved Independence was "Be Yourself." It placed the accent on æsthetic beauty and not on the political

form of freedom. Nations, wrote Coomaraswamy, are created by artists and poets, not by merchants and politicians. In art lie the deepest life principles.

Coomaraswamy wrote not only voluminously but also with great distinction. He was the master of an elegant style and his mind, though inspired by æsthetic emotion, was disciplined by a scientifically trained intellect. He brought to the composition of his essays a scintillating mind that was richly studded with detail and admirably precise in its exposition. From 1895, when as a young man of eighteen he published his first article on "The Geology of Doverow Hill" in *The Wycliffe Star,* till 1947, his seventieth year, he had more than five hundred publications to his credit. The scope of his articles is as astonishing as it is impressive. He had written several articles on Indian, Indonesian and Sinhalese art in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and also in *The National Encyclopædia of America,* in addition to editing the English words of Indian origin in Webster's *New International Dictionary.* His writings range from his collection of brilliant essays entitled *The Dance of Siva* to such profound works as *The History of Indian and Indonesian Art* and *Time and Eternity,* which is a marvellously documented and illuminating exposition of the perennial philosophy from the Greek, Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, Islamic and modern viewpoints.

Of all Coomaraswamy's ideas, culturally the most significant is the ideal of "the chosen people of the future." According to him,

> nationalism is not enough. Patriotism is parochial and even banal and there are finer parts great souls may play . . . how could there be a divergence of idealism from idealism? The chosen people of the future cannot be any nation or race but an aristocracy of the earth uniting the virility of European youth to the serenity of Asiatic age. . . . The flowering of humanity is more to us than the victory of any party.

Elsewhere he wrote in the same strain:—

> Who that has breathed the clear mountain air of the Upanishads, of Gautama, Shankara and Kabir, of Rumi, of Laotse and Jesus can be alien to those who have sat at the feet of Plato and Kant, Tauler, Behmen and Ruysbroeck, Whitman, Nietzsche and Blake?

Coomaraswamy achieved distinction in four different fields of intellectual and creative endeavour: geology, political philosophy, Indian Art in its wider perspective and the study of comparative philosophy. Professor Benjamin Rowland of Harvard observed:—

> As Goethe once remarked in speaking of a creative personality, Coomaraswamy became in the different stages of his life a different being: first a geologist, then a political reformer, later an art historian and finally an interpreter of the *Philosophia Perennis* in Art.

In his person he symbolized an East-West racial synthesis and also the deeper synthesis of the two cultures, scientific and literary. Child of Ceylon and England, he found full scope for his genius to mature in America; a brilliant Ceylonese geologist of mixed parentage, he developed into one of the world's greatest authorities on Indian art. And while reflecting on the life of Dr. Coomaraswamy, one is often reminded of Whitman's poetic vistas "of the marriage of continents, climates and oceans."

A. RANGANATHAN

NEIGHBOURS

From unimaginable distance
A bright eye
Set in the infinite
Peeps through my window.

Perhaps light years away,
Yet distance dissolves
Like time in a dream.

Has that star windows
And is another drowsy mortal
Space marooned
Seeing a bright eye strangely near?

HERBERT BLUEN

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

Studies in Indian Psychology. By S. K. RAMACHANDRA RAO. (Research Bulletin 2. All-India Institute of Mental Health, Bangalore. 54 pp. 1958.)

This remarkable work by a well-known psychologist is divided into five parts. The first is an attempt to trace the evolution of psychological thought in India through the ages. Psychology was never pursued in India as an independent discipline, but valuable contribution to psychological thought was made in the course of pursuing other disciplines. Thus, the concept of Manas and the analysis of its three states — waking, sleep and dream — etc. expounded in Vedic literature by thinkers 5,000 years ago, are just by-products of works of poetic imagination and religious fervour.

A better evolved system is later Brahmana literature, which marks the emergence of the concept of man as a psychological organism.

In the Upanishads, for the first time in the history of Indian thought, man is the central frame of reference, the *atma* or the subject of experience.

The Samkhya school marks a finer contribution to psychological thought, as evidenced by its exposition of the dichotomy of *Prakriti* and *Purusha*, and the concepts of the ego, the *Jnanendriyas* and the *Karmendriyas*.

The Yoga school postulated that control of mind is possible through control of breath and also developed a notion of a pure, contentless consciousness, which contributed to the later Vedantic theory of the Self.

The Jaina system, in addition to contributing immensely to logical methodology, also marks the shape of transition from a purely biological conception of man to a psychological concept of his nature.

A fruition of this trend can be discerned in Buddhism. Its major frame of reference is man. Later, Buddhists as well as Kumarila and Shankara have contributed much to psychological thought.

A contribution of no less importance is the Saivite movement in Kashmir in the eighth century and the literary criticism of Bharata and his followers.

The second part of the book, entitled "An Eighth-Century Manual of Buddhist Psychology" deals with the work of Anuruddha, wherein a detailed analysis is undertaken of the several states and processes of consciousness, volition, appetite-aversion, etc.

The third part deals with the psychological speculations of Shankara, the great Advaitic philosopher-saint of South India. He propounded an extreme theory of monistic idealism and established that the self is absolute, pure, and the *atman* a passive witness of all the processes, different from the Ego or individual self. Dream, sleep, etc., have been well analyzed, and sensation and perception clearly distinguished.

The fourth part of the book deals with the Abhidhamma writings of early Buddhists like Anuruddha and Asanga.

The fifth and last part is an account of the "Sphota" theory propounded by the Indian grammarian Panini and elaborated by Patanjali, Bhartrihari, Nagesha Bhatta, and others, which finds a close analogy in the Gestalt theory of modern psychology. The Gestalt theory based itself greatly on perception of visual forms while the Sphota theory

arose in connection with the audible structure of language. Both the theories uphold the tendency to perceive wholes, the indivisibility of cognized matter and the indivisible unity of apprehensions.

Though containing only fifty-four pages, the book is a remarkable and authentic presentation of Indian psychology. The author's rare intuition is manifest in finding for the thoughts and theories of the Indian thinkers equivalents in modern psychological terminology, which is a hard task requiring mastery over both fields of study. The lucid and masterly exposition in parts one, three and five particularly deserves special mention. The book may be said to be a landmark in attempts to probe into and analyze the "wisdom of the past."

KAMALA GOPAL RAO

The Philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi. By DHIRENDRA MOHAN DATTA. (The University of Wisconsin Press. xii+154 pp. 1961. $1.50.)

This book is a collection of a series of lectures delivered by Professor Datta, Head of the Department of Philosophy at Patna College, Patna University, during the academic year 1951-1952 while serving as Kemper K. Knapp Visiting Professor at the University of Wisconsin. Professor Datta's very valuable study is not only highly educative, but also reflects that rare understanding of the life and work of Gandhiji acquired by a personal acquaintance with the constructive social work pioneered by him. Professor Datta also had the privilege of being initiated into the work at the now famous *ashrama* at Sabarmati.

Gandhiji never attempted to present any philosophy systematically (nor would he have even if he had had the time). Professor Datta's painstaking and sustained efforts, therefore, to find material from his scattered voluminous writings and speeches, and to present his doctrines concisely and systematically, deserve attention.

Academicians and champions of schools and systems of philosophy may consider the attempt an act of sacrilege. They may, however, be consoled by the fact that this book is an attempt to show the importance of Gandhiji's ideals of truth, love and non-violence for the solution of the many complex problems of our decadent age.

Thank heavens, the presentation is not a caricature of Gandhi as the sketch on the cover-page may rightly lead many to think!

S. K. DE

Ways of Knowledge and Experience. LOUIS ARNAUD REID. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 287 pp. 1961. 40*s*.)

Epistemology has always been a study of the philosophers. Since psychology became an independent discipline the theory of knowledge has dealt mainly with sensation, perception and the processes of learning. But there are deeper — and higher — levels of knowledge, spiritual certainties which we attain in the sphere of the arts and in religion. With these Professor Arnaud Reid is concerned. Awareness, he says, of something which impinges upon us, something that is not merely subjective or projected, is a constant part of our conscious states. He finds in symbolism of various kinds — for poetry and music and the other arts have their own "languages" — a medium out of which such knowledge springs, and in religion he distinguishes between

the primitive, pre-scientific myth made in the endeavour to represent commerce with transcendent powers and that use of myth and symbolism in which the highest religious thinking finds expression because of the sheer impossibility of stating the ultimate truth in any but mythical and pictorial terms.

Professor Reid's thesis is closely and clearly argued, with cogency and imagination, with profound conviction, and from the Christian standpoint, though, as he says, it is applicable universally. The book is of that rare kind in which the reader finds himself responding almost personally to the author. It quickens heart and mind to a fresh apprehension of those realities which in the nature of the case it can only adumbrate. One does not criticize what is said, or quarrel with it: one reflects, absorbs and rejoices in the enrichment of one's own experience and the strengthening of one's own certainty of the ultimately real, things unseen and eternal. What poetry and drama, music and painting bring to us, as Professor Reid shows, is not a series of disparate insights: these are unified in the total experience of the individual man. They are of a piece with religious awareness, though this is supreme, and itself, as C. G. Jung in one way and Gordon Allport in another maintain, integrates and gives meaning and direction to all other forms of experiencing and knowing. The work of a truly philosophic mind, this study, at once delightful and profound, goes far to answer that most obstinate of our questionings — Is anything there? Is there indeed anybody?

BASIL A. YEAXLEE

Valiant Crusade: The History of the R.S.P.C.A. By ARTHUR W. MOSS. (Cassell, London. 221 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 30*s.*)

The present reviewer is in a somewhat difficult position. He is the Vice-Chairman of the Council of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of which Mr. Moss was Chief Secretary until a few years ago. The reviewer feels obliged to emphasize that this is not an official history of the Society commissioned by its Council and that Mr. Moss, avowedly, expresses views which are not the official ones. Moreover, the book is not very well written and there are various lapses which are embarrassing. Nevertheless, the book embodies a great compilation of facts in the history of animal welfare in general, and of course the Society in particular, which will interest readers precisely in proportion to their interest in the subject.

The history of man's attitude to animals is a sad one. Primitive man, let it be granted, may have been driven by hunger to violate nature's social union. Some religions have taught consideration for animals. But the main history of man has led to the verdict that he is the cruellest and most destructive of all animals. Only very late in history, within a century and a half from now, have the beginnings of organized decency to animals been painfully established.

R. F. RATTRAY

Newcomers: The West Indians in London. By RUTH CLASS assisted by HAROLD POLLINS. (Report No. 1. Centre for Urban Studies and George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. xiii+278 pp. Maps. 1960. 21*s.*)

This is a humanely perceptive study of the largest coloured minority in Great

Britain, the West Indians, by a leading British sociologist and her fellow research workers at the Centre for Urban Studies at University College, London. Though more money, staff and time might have enabled a more systematic, concise and comprehensive work to have been written, Mrs. Glass has no need to apologize for what has been achieved. By concentrating on London, where reliable data on the distribution, characteristics, attitudes, achievements and experiences of the coloured migrants are most readily ascertainable, this research team has established a body of factual knowledge quite sufficient to enable readers to understand and face up to the realities of the situation; and to help dispel the myths and fictions that sheer ignorance has hitherto encouraged in abundance. More data could hardly make the essential situation more clear; whereas, further conciseness might have detracted from the style, which is that of an impressive, disturbing essay in contemporary history.

We see here all the distress and tension caused by the ambiguity of prevalent British attitudes towards coloured "newcomers." On the one hand, there is little inflexible prejudice, harsh segregation or open discrimination; on the other, there is little positive fellowship, determination to understand, or firm assault against all forms of prejudice. "It is because tolerance is so timid that prejudice is so infectious" is one of many perceptive observations made. Indeed, this is as revealing an examination of the nature of British "tolerance," as it is of the actions and reactions of those who painfully discover the mental and emotional muddle within its make-up. It becomes abundantly clear that the white majority in Britain must have its own complacent image of its "tolerant" self shattered before it will positively fight against the subtle, private and negative — let alone, crude and positive — setting apart of the coloured migrant in its midst. Until then, the very existence of a "problem" will be denied; outbreaks of violence will be dismissed as "exceptions," and righteously condemned; lesser troubles will be swept under the carpet and tolerantly forgotten. Yet, as this book quite effectively records, vicious and violently prejudiced groups are at work, countering the achievements, also recorded, of those who work for harmony and intelligent social policies. The former may yet reap a harvest of violence, should, say, an economic crisis strike Britain. Mrs. Glass would strengthen the law against this poisonous propaganda. Her study should go a long way towards convincing thoughtful people that timidity at any rate is the worst possible guide to action or excuse for inaction.

ALAN DE RUSETT

The Political Philosophy of Jawaharlal Nehru. By M. N. DAS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 256 pp. Frontispiece. 1961. 25*s*.)

This uncomplicated book might fairly be called a "plain man's guide to Mr. Nehru's ideas on Politics." It should save many a hard pressed student from long hours of search among extensive and growing literature on Mr. Nehru's "mind" (Karanjia), "conversations" (Mende), "quintessence" (Char), and life in general (Moraes, *et al.*), as well as Mr. Nehru's own writings. Thanks to Dr. Das's wide reading and orderly mind, we find here our subject's many perceptive thoughts conveniently gathered and "co-ordinated under appropriate headings." To ensure "objectivity," Dr. Das modestly keeps in the background, paraphrasing here and filling in the picture there, while letting his

subject speak for himself, through liberally given quotations. And the voice comes through, clear and strong.

Unfortunately, perhaps inevitably, this mode of treatment can, nevertheless, be very trying to any intellectually alive reader. Mr. Nehru's great strength is his enlightened common sense. He makes no claims to those qualities of genius, brilliance, wit, or flare for paradox and epigram, which enliven and render exciting the "political philosophy" of even lesser men. His principles are unexceptionable; his unpretentious vision is impressive; but taken almost neat, they are rather soporific. His socialist, liberal and humane ideas and aspirations have always, at any given time, been too widely shared by too many thoughtful persons in too many parts of the world to impress the reader in this deliberately uncritical context. Most generalizations are half-truths in real life; all Mr. Nehru's principles have landed him in mental, emotional and political conflicts and contradictions. Those serve him best and give most point to his judgments who challenge his assumptions, critically chase the other half of his truths, and by fighting beside him and against him reveal his true mettle. And this is the task of scholars. Dr. Das, in his History Department at Utkal, should now arm his students against uncritical praise (and its eventual fellow traveller, uncritical condemnation) by embarking on a challenging companion volume to this otherwise very helpful, and certainly competent, study.

ALAN DE RUSETT

Prospect for Metaphysics: Essays of Metaphysical Exploration. Edited by IAN RAMSEY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 240 pp. 1961. 25*s.*)

"A rather stubborn passive resistance to metaphysics," comments Canon D. J. B. Hawkins, "remains characteristic of a great deal of contemporary British philosophy." To aid the restoration of metaphysics the Nalloth Professor of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion at Oxford has gathered a strong team of like-minded philosophers whose *Essays of Metaphysical Exploration* are gathered in a volume claimed by the publishers, with some justice, to be without parallel since the Reformation as a joint effort in Christian thinking. The book stems from a gathering, at Downside Abbey in 1959, of Roman Catholic and other Christian philosophers to discuss stubborn problems of common interest and acknowledged importance. The group had diverse backgrounds and approaches but all were sympathetic to some of the insights of contemporary empiricism and recognized that although their theme had been for long a topic for abuse and ridicule there was evidence of a change of atmosphere and their concern, though difficult, was timely. The papers read at the gathering have been revised for publication here in the light of the discussion, but not all the marks of informality, even gaiety, have been excised. Cheerfulness will keep breaking through. Indeed it is all a typically British occasion! Inevitably much attention had to be given to what Dr. Daly forthrightly calls "the belligerent anti-metaphysical doctrine of the Logical Positivists, particularly as formulated in the first edition of Professor Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic.*" Daly comments that much recent discussion has been vitiated by the tendentious accounts of metaphysics and the arguments through quotations ripped out of context. In this pioneer work, the metaphysicians have struck a counterblow which may

well have considerable effect on future thinking. It is noteworthy that the group was not content to explore and review the issues as they stand in the mid-twentieth century but went on to consider constructive suggestions for the future. The book owes not a little to the skilful editorial arrangement and introduction by Professor Ramsey.

MARCUS WARD

Avicenna and the Visionary Recital. By HENRY CORBIN. Translated from the French by WILLARD R. TRASK. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. xiii+423 pp. 1961. 50*s*.)

This volume was written for the millenary of the birth of Avicenna which was celebrated in Teheran, somewhat belatedly, in 1954. He was born near Bukhara, of Persian descent. While still a boy he studied science, medicine and philosophy and for his successful medical treatment of Nuh II, Sultan of Bukhara, he was allowed access to the Sultan's great library, where he gained much knowledge. Later he passed through troubled times and was imprisoned in Hamadan, but escaped to Isfahān, where he died in 1037.

He had also studied mysticism, and the author, in this book, deals with three mystical treatises. His object is to show them to be an organic and consistent whole, a trilogy, and to analyze this trilogy in relation not only to Avicenna's own experience, but to the very meaning of Avicennism.

The Recital of Ḥayy ibn Yaqzān tells of the pilgrimage of the soul, led by the Sage Ḥayy ibn Yaqzān, towards the presence of the King, of Whom the Sage says: "Whoever perceives a trace of His beauty fixes his contemplation on it forever; never again, even for the twinkling of an eye, does he let himself be distracted from it." The treatise ends with the words of the Sage: "Now, if thou wilt, follow me, come with me toward Him. Peace." The soul has its invitation to seek the King.

In *The Recital of the Bird,* the bird, freed with others from a trap, but still hobbled by the feet, seeks relief from the King of the birds, and when he and his companions reach Him, He sends His messenger with them to help them to this end, and of the King it is said "Whoever approaches him will have found supreme bliss; whoever cuts himself off from him will have lost this world and the world to come. . . ."

But this is still only a hope; the final attainment of the goal is what the author finds in *Salāmān and Absāl,* the episode of the two half-brothers. Salāmān becomes a king, Absāl is done to death by his enemies, and his death is shown to be a withdrawal from this world, henceforth to belong to that other world: he has reached the goal of the Sufi's quest: "the mystic no longer dies by death, but emerges from this world at last alive." Now "he is done with all phases of asceticism and training. His intimate consciousness has become a perfectly polished *mirror*"; and in this "it contemplates the reflection of the Light. It contemplates the true Being." Salāmān renounces his kingship and seeks seclusion with God, but in his relations with men he counsels good and feels compassion, he does not fear death, he can forgive and can say, "In God my help, toward men my freedom."

There are other subjects dealt with at length in this fine and exhaustive study of Avicenna's mysticism and all interested in the subject should have recourse to the book itself, which is worth much study. It has been most

ably translated by Willard R. Trask, and we owe this English edition to the enterprise of the Bollinger Foundation.

Our deepest gratitude is due to the author for this invaluable and deeply interesting study; and a full bibliography.

MARGARET SMITH

I Could A Tale Unfold: Violence, Horror and Sensationalism in Stories for Children. By P. M. PICKARD. (Tavistock Publications, London: The Humanities Press, New York. xi+228 pp. 1961. 25*s*.)

This examination of the horror element in general literature for children (including, and partly inspired by, the "horror comics," films, television) is one based on very considerable research by the author who is a qualified Froebel teacher, with a degree in psychology, and is also a trained Child Guidance worker. Thus it is worthy of serious attention by all who are concerned with the welfare and education of the young.

The problem has been examined from many angles, and there are chapters on the psychology of children's play, on stories through the ages, and also on the elements of horror in adult literature. Particularly interesting and of great value to those who are not yet in touch with a large number of children are the extracts from children's own writings, in which they express their likes and dislikes in the matter of stories. Five London primary schools co-operated with Miss Pickard in this investigation and she gives a very full account of children's tastes — also information on fears and bad dreams — with further views on their general attitudes, including their aggressiveness towards teachers and other children.

Miss Pickard states that "Children are innately capable of anger; this anger can appear in the earliest months; during anger, thought is fantastically horrible and far more fierce than during anger in adults." It would seem that Miss Pickard accepts a great many of the findings of what she terms "modern research," and continues that "there is no question of introducing them to horrors, because the horrors already known to them are far in excess of anything we experience as adults."

She explains that there are enormous amounts of emotional experiences undergone by the young child which it is unable to communicate to adults, partly because there is no common language. However, it is necessary for the reader to understand, so far as is possible, that the author is writing from the standpoint of one who has undergone full psycho-analysis and who is evidently convinced of the truth and value of the conclusions arrived at by certain psychologists. Although she refers to the differences in individual children, she believes in an underlying similarity. Her main argument would appear that horror in traditional and classical literature is based on an innate predisposition in the human infant, and not that these traditional "horrors" may stem from certain adult propensities or from exceptional events.

Young people who study this book will find much of value and interest, but they may well need some guidance in estimating the truth of its conclusions. There is an excellent index (but God, Church, religion, or Bible are not to be found there!).

ELIZABETH CROSS

Eastern Artists — Western Artists. Report of a Symposium held at Vienna in September 1960 under the auspices of the International Association of Plastic Arts. (The Association's Bulletin No. 39. UNESCO, Paris. 28 pp. 1961)

In line with the general objectives of the UNESCO — to bring about mutual appreciation of Eastern and Western cultural values — and in line with the general aim of the International Association of Plastic Arts — the strengthening of the links between artists of differing countries and continents — a valuable symposium was held in the last week of September 1960 at Vienna. The participants were six selected Eastern artists and six Western artists from Europe and America along with two leaders of discussion who were art critics and historians from India and France. In this able summary of the proceedings important points are clarified. Some of the individual artists emphasized rather sharply the points of contrast such as the impact of industrial development on art, the price that art has to pay for increasing mechanization, excessive individualism and rationalization; the undue effects of Western academic art on Eastern artists in the early twentieth century; and the supreme need to emphasize the cultural and religious values preserved in the art of the East. The two discussion leaders, Dr. Mulk Raj Anand of India and M. René Huyghe of France, made brilliant contributions to the symposium by their special talent for synthesis. Dr. Anand pointed out: "If art is the expression of inner life, man can only be released, in the context of industrialization, if a balance is maintained between genuine creativeness and science." "Art and Poetry are instruments for the liberation of Man." "Art gives significance to human life." "Artists should not be considered as a luxury but helpers in the fight for the survival of the spirit of mankind."

In a masterly summing up, M. René Huyghe said: It is important to establish contacts between Eastern and Western artists as it is vital that the West should recuperate moral values. He brought out that the spiritual element has not been absent in Western art. While emphasizing individualism and rationality, the love of form did not result in forsaking the inner significance of the artist's vision. Art represents "Man's efforts to establish communication between inner spiritual life and the outside world." He ended by appealing to all artists — East and West — "to shoulder their responsibilities and strive to restore belief in spiritual values."

D. GURUMURTI

The Tiger and the Horse: A Play in Three Acts. By ROBERT BOLT. (vi+93 pp. 1961. 8*s.* 6*d.*); *A Man for All Seasons: A Play in Two Acts.* By ROBERT BOLT. (xix+99 pp. 1961. 7*s.* 6*d.*) (The Drama Library. Heineman. London).

Mr. Robert Bolt is one of the most intellectually alert of our modern British dramatists. Yet the difference in quality between these two plays, both produced last summer, strikes me as immense. That the first is contemporary and the second historical is beside the point. If anything, modernity should have the more direct appeal, but the fact is opposite. College dons, like elder statesmen, have become chilling examples of unreal detachment. Mr. Bolt exaggerates this in order to smash it by a realism that is itself unreal. He afterwards confessed honestly that his attempt to make these characters larger than life had not been a success. In

fact, he destroyed their naturalism without erecting an adequate symbolism in its place. The tradition-bound Master of a College and his aberrant or revolutionary wife exist acceptably on neither plane; and the plebeian research-scholar who seduces the Master's daughter is no general portent but merely a nastier bloke than his extraction warrants. (Perhaps the astronomy, symbolic or not, is the worst offender on the score of accuracy.)

With *A Man for All Seasons* Mr. Bolt has found himself. Everything that failed in *The Tiger* has been dropped or re-thought, inverted or matured. Even without Mr. Bolt's most interesting analytical preface we can see what is afoot. Historically, Thomas More's refusal to support Henry VIII's marriage in defiance of the Pope is sufficiently well known. The episode straddles the years, and might make a tedious chronicle-play. Mr. Bolt eliminates the trappings or "verisimilitude" that keep so many period pieces at arm's length. His triumph is, in effect, a triumph of technique. That may sound dry if you detach the shell of it; but in truth a technical mastery means the adequate — perhaps the only possible — seizure of essence, such that matter and manner cannot be parted.

All the details of production belong to this centrality: settings and lightings are swift, dramatic, simple and touched in with the clearest imagery. The language is a distillation that sounds natural to its century and ours. The polemic rings true to its speaker. If all are in some sort mouthpieces, they are clothed in personality as are bones in flesh. Mr. Bolt admits as experimental his clever device of the "Common Man" who addresses the audience from within the play. This chameleon creature, taking on, as needed, the rôle of steward, boatman, or other employee, is throughout the sceptic commentator, unattached to any policy but his own best interest; not, as Mr. Bolt had hoped, an attractive fellow, but guaranteed to adulterate any fanatical spirit in a quart of common sense.

In the author himself is just enough of this Common Man, transmuted by intellect and art, to create Sir Thomas More in his chosen image. More is to be no fanatic, no large-scale tragic or heroic figure, no active rebel preaching his faith in noisy rhetoric. He is a man of personal integrity, living by the law till the law tricks him, willing to be silent where he disapproves, but fatally too honest for perjury. The tricking and trapping of such a man moves us deeply and quietly to a sense that justice itself is being outraged. There is no question now of "verisimilitude"; we have here a great conception, grandly realized — something that confronts our sink-and-dustbin beggary with untold riches.

SYLVA NORMAN

Unmattakīcakaṁ. By K. S. NAGARAJAN. Sanskrit. (Bhāratavāṇī Kāryālaya, Poona. 54 pp. 1960. Rs. 2.00)

This is a modern Sanskrit play in five acts which attempts to present Kīcaka as a tragic hero.

The author's easy-flowing style and novelty of approach are reminiscent of Bhāsa while the matter is admittedly inspired by Kailasam's *Kīcaka* (a poetic play).

But the fundamental twist involved in the conception of the hero — an out-and-out villain in the epic source — is too unnatural to achieve "a willing suspension of disbelief." What passes muster in the poetic drama of Kailasam because of the enchanting power of his poetry, fails to ring true in the conventional mould of Sanskrit drama adopted

here. The play is loose in construction and the characterization wanting in psychological insight except in the case of Kīcaka. Though there is no "tragic effect" we commend this stageworthy play as a modern experiment towards expanding the frontiers of Sanskrit drama.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Lost Legends of Israel. By DAGOBERT D. RUNES. (The Philosophical Library, New York. 90 pp. 1961. $2.75)

Dagobert D. Runes has collected the material for *Lost Legends of Israel* from varied sources during his travels on three continents, travels that took him to unfrequented quarters of Morocco, Yemen and Ethiopia. Handed down by word of mouth through countless generations, many of these tales are presented to the West for the first time in this translation, and the author, greatly moved by the sheer goodness emanating from them, endeavours to convey their soothing benediction to the reader.

The deep faith and oneness of feeling that bind together the Jews, though they may be scattered in the four corners of the globe, are brought out in these old legends, and among the most interesting are those that explain the origin of ancient customs that are still religiously observed. For instance, the use of the "shofar" or ram's horn, that calls the people to prayer on holy days. This had been the signal given by Moses to the Israelites to commence the long trek that led them to the Promised Land.

We learn that the star of David on the banner of Israel is in remembrance of the miracle of the rain of stars that the heavens poured down in answer to the appeal of the prophet Elijah when he and his followers were beset by the soldiers of Queen Jezebel.

It is not generally known that the proverbial wisdom of King Solomon gained for him the throne of Israel in preference to his elder brother, and one of the finest of these little legends tells the story of how King David's choice fell on his younger son.

The history of Israel is rich in memorable events, many of which are recorded here, and the author's intense national feeling is apparent in the many nostalgic references to the past.

ROSHAN KOTHAWALA

Spinoza, in the Light of the Vedanta. By R. K. TRIPATHI. (Banaras Hindu University Darśana Series: No. 1., Banaras. xiv+349 pp. August 1957. Received late. Rs. 10.00)

Spinoza's philosophy has been differently interpreted by realists like Alexander and idealists like Caird. Dr. Tripathi has, in this book, attempted, and indeed with much success, to interpret Spinozism as Absolutism of the Advaitic type. He shows that many of the inconsistencies in Spinoza's system can be reconciled if Spinozism is interpreted along the lines of Shankara's Advaitism.

Spinoza starts by positing a self-existent and self-conceived substance which is one, indeterminate and pure Being. Now the crucial question is how to explain the creation of the world from such a pure Being. The difficulty here is the same as in Advaitism and its solution should also be the same. And so Dr. Tripathi makes an original and striking suggestion that the Advaitic concept of Saguna Brahma or Ishwara, as distinguished from the Nirguna Brahma, would easily explain the creation of the world without impairing the purity of the substance. Of course crea-

tion here is not objectively real production but only subjective attribution. This is exactly what is meant by Spinoza's Attributes of Thought and Extension which are not properties of the substance but only subjective ascriptions of the intellect. Modes are not real modifications of the substance but only distortions (*Vivarta*) appearing on the substratum of the substance.

Our author shows that starting with substance as one, indeterminate, infinite and pure Being, and following strictly the principle that all determination is negation, Spinozism *logically* and inevitably takes the form of Vedantic Absolutism. Dr. Tripathi thus boldly brings together Spinozism and Advaitism though they belong to two different traditions and historical settings. He has argued out his case most persuasively with skill and ingenuity. There is no doubt that, with his profound scholarship and clear insight into Indian and Western Philosophy, Dr. Tripathi has succeeded well in giving an original interpretation of Spinozism and has thus made a valuable contribution to Comparative Philosophy.

D. G. LONDHEY

Teaching About the Orient. By T. IVOR DAVIES. (UNESCO, Paris. 31 pp. 1961.)

This booklet presents a review of the problems pertaining to the teaching about the East in the schools of the West. It is an effort in the right direction because never before was it so necessary for the peoples of the world to achieve mutual understanding. UNESCO is very rightly centring its attention on education for international understanding. Owing to historical reasons, schools in the West have neglected to teach about the Orient. The time has now come to remedy this lack by including in the curriculum such topics about the Eastern countries as are liable to develop favourable attitudes among Western children. This booklet places the problem in a proper perspective and suggests ways and means. In this connection it is worth while to mention that a similar study should be made concerning teaching about the West in the schools of the East, which will help our teachers to remove prejudices against the West.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

FAR removed from each other are the body and the virtues. The body is in destruction every instant; the virtues endure till the end of the universe.

—*Hitopadesha*

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, August 31st, 1961

THE ALARMING DECISION of the Russian Government to resume nuclear tests has shocked public opinion in Britain at a time when most of the people are enjoying their annual summer holidays. In the midst of their well-earned relaxation by the seaside at home or on the Continent of Europe they are grimly reminded by this atrocious and cynical Russian step of the two world wars which were started during the holiday season.

We are aware that the cold war between East and West over Berlin has recently been intensified. But we are also aware that the forces of peace all over the world, especially in countries which are labelled "neutrals," have been exerting tremendous effort to bring about a reconciliation between the two camps that are obviously getting ready for a "showdown." The eyes of the British people have therefore been focused on Belgrade, where three kings, several prime ministers including Nehru, and even an archbishop, from twenty-five countries, have assembled to discuss the international situation. These, the world's less powerful nations, in wealth as well as in arms, are members of the United Nations but they have been firmly opposed to the continuance of the cold war and have steadfastly resisted the temptation of joining either of the two blocs. They prefer to be less powerful and less wealthy rather than be in the company of those who are manufacturing deadly weapons for mass human destruction which will ultimately put an end to civilization.

Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers, which can never be accused of being biased in favour of the Communist way of life, have recently given their support to Mr. Khrushchev on the stand that he has taken on Berlin and on Germany. In fact his papers have been critical of Western policies, which at one stage or another they have described as timid and dithering in finding a solution to the German problem.

But on the latest action of the Russian Government, *viz.*, the resumption of nuclear tests, these newspapers have withdrawn their support to Mr. Khrushchev. One of the papers, the *Evening Standard,* thought that Mr. Khrushchev was playing a dangerously irresponsible game of chicken: to see which side would lose its nerve first and jump off the nuclear bandwagon before it went over the Berlin precipice. The *Evening Standard* was right in stating that Mr. Khrushchev's decision to resume tests was clearly inspired by the desire to screw up tension to the point where the Western Powers decided that the risks involved outweighed the arguments for clinging on. Playing chicken is normally the sport of feckless adolescents. It is tragic that Mr. Khrushchev should have chosen to break their monopoly.

Sir Wilfrid Le Gros Clark, President of the British Association, issued a grave warning at its 123rd annual meeting that mankind should now pause and take stock of the dangerous position it has created for itself before it is too late. In the St. Andrew's Hall at Norwich eminent scientists heard him say that his warning was not to be taken as a melodramatic statement but expressed the truth which was quite evident to anyone who cared to read the signs of the times.

Sir Wilfrid traced the development of man from the "hominid" stage till today. He spoke of the "dangerous un-

certainties looming ahead." He thought it was the duty of the scientists to insist that that was a matter of quite extraordinary urgency and to make this known as far and wide as possible. Tracing the development of social unification from the family to the clan, to the tribe, to the State and to the federation of States, Sir Wilfrid found that the individual was now apt to be suppressed by the interests of the group. The result was, paradoxically, that in the larger units there was a tendency to segregate into populations opposed to each other economically and ideologically. It was only by the free exchange of ideas and free intercourse that co-operation between peoples, now slowing down, could be reactivated.

Sir Wilfrid felt that scientists were in a particularly favourable position to improve this flagging spirit of co-operation. For one reason, they felt impelled to develop harmonious relations because the very advancement of their work depended on a thorough knowledge of work going on elsewhere.

Sir Wilfrid's subject for his Presidential Address was "The Humanity of Man" and as an outstanding anatomist and student of the ancestry of man he reminded the two thousand scientists gathered that man dreams, and if he advances confidently, as Goethe recommended, in the direction of his dreams, which are but passionate presentiments of the faculty latent within him, he sometimes realizes them.

As Mr. Austin Hatton pointed out in the *Yorkshire Post,* in choosing "The Humanity of Man" as his subject, Sir Wilfrid was thinking not so much as a humanist but as an anthropologist. He spoke of this year's time bomb, exploded by Dr. Louis Leakey, the bonehunter whose patient excavations at Tanganyika's Olduvai Gorge have now convinced scientists that man is twice as old as any textbook indicates and three times as old as any fossil evidence.

The conference papers ranged from bird-watching to the latest scientific methods of teaching machines to speak. Lord Alanbrooke, former Chief of the Imperial General Staff and the War Cabinet's chief military adviser, was praised for his mastery of bird photography. A few years ago he was chosen to be a member of a group of British and American naturalists who went to Spain to seek and record the wild ways of species now lost to other parts of Western Europe.

An American news agency questioned scientists in seven foreign countries to find out whether the Soviet Union has seized leadership in science from the United States. This objective judgment had become necessary in view of the growing fear in the United States about the Russian advance in science, following Russia's series of feats in space. Most of those who were questioned thought that although the United States was well in front in science generally she was clearly outdistanced by the Russians in rocket power. They pointed to greater American achievements in physics, chemistry, medicine and other fields during the last ten years. But in their view the Russians were closing fast.

Dr. Homi Bhabha thinks the Soviet Union, despite a late start, "is roughly on a par with the United States today in scientific and technological developments." Russia has shown a greater rate of growth in science in the past decade than any other country. If this continues, Dr. Bhabha thinks, the Soviet Union in the next ten years may well be making the greatest over-all contributions.

Mr. Kingsley Martin, until recently the eminent editor of *The New Statesman,* has written a book with some

illustrations which Hutchinson's have now sent to the press. It is hoped the book will be out by February next. It is called *The Crown and the Establishment*. In this Mr. Martin takes "a long, steady look at the Crown," and also presents a history of republicanism in Britain since the seventeenth century.

SUNDER KABADI

NOT PUNITIVE MEASURES

IN *The New York Times Magazine* of July 23rd, 1961, Gertrude Samuels writes about an unusual experiment carried out in Los Angeles, "substituting therapy for punishment," in the article "Rescue for the Wayward Girls." Such girls act as catalytic agents for the violence committed by male juvenile delinquents. It is beginning to be recognized that another generation of delinquents may arise out of the dangerous influence of such girls on their boy friends.

At Las Palmas in East Los Angeles now exists a "therapeutic community," which arose out of a thorough redesigning, two years ago, of an inadequate older institution. Its function is to help the girl inmates to get over their previous wayward behaviour. It is furnished brightly and generously for gracious living; and every girl is provided with adequate accommodation as well as facilities for education, recreation and good companionship.

The therapists at Las Palmas seek to assist the girls to acquire inner control by means of developing insight and sustained by energy derived from "usable anxiety," *i.e.*, anxiety regarding their own moral and psychological problems. The experiment is based upon a philosophy of avoiding punitive measures and using corrective, supplemented where necessary by restrictive, methods. Their recognition as human individuals, the faith exhibited in their good nature and the moral and psychological assistance rendered to them often bring about a reformation of even badly depraved girls, and remarkably grateful and warm relations with the therapists.

This is an instance of the universal ethical insights and the ancient psychological technique of spiritual teachers slowly but surely trickling their way back into the minds of modern humanity: may they generate the humane and spiritual impulses and qualities, so that a soul afflicted with repressed and distorted emotions finds from fellow human beings assistance in purifying its emotion-principle and asserting its spiritual sovereignty over lower influences.

K. R. A.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

On Saturday, August 19th, 1961, the Indian Institute of World Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, observed Founder's Day, in memory of the late Shri B. P. Wadia. Shri Humayun Kabir, Minister for Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, was the guest of honour and delivered the Founder's Day Address. Shrimati Sophia Wadia, President of the Institute, was in the chair.

In welcoming Shri Kabir, Shrimati Wadia referred particularly to his standing as a poet, translator, man of letters and thinker — a man of wide and distinguished culture.

Shri Humayun Kabir spoke easily and discursively, ranging over many periods of Indian history and bringing out significant facts, to show that culture is most often a matter of cross-currents, give-and-take, of learning and emulating. He inferred from this that narrowness in culture is ignorant and any chauvinism in cultural matters an absurdity opposed to the very nature of true culture. He considered the name of the Institute a sound one — an Indian Institute it is, but of World Culture.

Dr. Mahadevan, Vice-President of the Institute, proposed a vote of thanks.

The international scientific conferences which have been held regularly in different countries since their inception in 1957 at Pugwash, U.S.A., have stirred up a desire for emulation, but in the living and human field, in contradistinction to the abstract (and often secretive) fields of science. Dr. John Cohen, Professor of Psychology at Manchester University, England, is planning to invite a small group of famous physicists, biologists and philosophers, to try to infuse more "sanity and reality" into world thinking. He wishes to put the first meeting on as broad a basis as possible, without any "party" label (psychologists are not included, since their terms of reference are considered too limited). Its aim is twofold: first, to create a focus by means of which positive thought on the working out of ideals can be aroused; and second, to make the world really aware of its wealth of potentials.

It is not intended to be yet another international authority, but to serve as a centre which will unite and give larger meaning to all the numerous such bodies that already exist. Even political thought, Dr. Cohen considers, could be influenced indirectly by a "neutral" group's findings on common-sense matters of fundamental and universal importance. He compares the world today to a dismantled motor-car, which will only work when the scattered bits are fitted together. This is a parable of the Buddha in modern guise — the story of the Blind Men and the Elephant, each man thinking the part of the beast that he held was the whole. It is indeed worth considering in an age of dissatisfaction. But ought one to confine the viewpoints to physics, biology and philosophy alone? The Hindus reckon six *darshanas* or "viewpoints" necessary to understanding (three from the point of view of Spirit or Consciousness, three from the point of view of Matter or Form), with the seventh as the synthesis. A study of these may indicate the degree to which "as broad a basis as possible" must be stretched.

The subject of reincarnation (however interpreted) still engages interest at various levels, from that of the popular film or novel, intermingled with fantasy, to that of serious consideration by scholars. Three pamphlets that are helping to maintain the interest in Great Britain now are *The Case for Reincarnation,* by the well-known preacher, the Rev. Leslie Weatherhead; *The Evidence for Survival from Claimed Memories of Former Incarnations* (reprinted from the Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research), by Ian Stevenson, M.D., of Virginia University, U.S.A.; and *You Will Come Back: A Conversation about Reincarnation and Karma,* by Frances Eurith Goold of Canada. To these viewpoints of the theologian, the scientist and "everyman," we might add that of the poet, which is surveyed in an article in *Hibbert's Journal* (July 1961), "Wordsworth and Pre-existence," by H. Rossiter Smith, Librarian to Cambridge University Overseas Studies. The survey is not confined to Wordsworth, nor is an absolute case made out for the latter's belief, but the article has gathered interesting extracts that made it worth reading even for these alone: Spenser's description of the Garden of Adonis in *The Faerie Queene,* Book III, Henry Vaughan's "The Retreat," Browning's "Cristina," Rossetti's "Sudden Light" are some of those drawn upon, as well as Wordsworth's own poems. Some thinkers have tried to attribute these feelings of pre-existence to a kind of racial consciousness, and this, as Mr. Rossiter Smith shows, was the view of Jung and of Dean Inge. Some people might question whether it does not raise difficulties rather than solve them, but the "intimations of immortality" themselves have been well expressed in the passage quoted in the article from Walter Pater's appreciation of Wordsworth:—

> ...strange reminiscences and forebodings which seem to make our lives stretch before and behind us.... Following the soul backwards and forwards, on these endless ways his sense of many dim, potential powers became a pledge to him, indeed, of a future life, but carried him back also to that mysterious notion of an earlier state of existence — the fancy of the Platonists — the heresy of Origen....

Yet does not the fancy, or heresy, of one age often become the accepted truth of a later period? Frederic Wood Jones once wrote that whenever a scientist makes a discovery he will find a poet has been there before him.

> IT IS ONLY the knowledge of the constant re-births of one and the same individuality throughout the life-cycle . . . it is only this doctrine [reincarnation], we say, that can explain to us the mysterious problem of Good and Evil, and reconcile man to the terrible and *apparent* injustice of life. Nothing but such certainty can quiet our revolted sense of justice. For, when one unacquainted with the noble doctrine looks around him, and observes the inequalities of birth and fortune, of intellect and capacities . . . that blessed knowledge of Karma alone prevents him from cursing life and men, as well as their supposed Creator.
>
> —H. P. BLAVATSKY

GANDHIAN LITERATURE

By Mahatma Gandhi

	Rs. nP.
Autobiography (De luxe)	7.00
„ (Standard)	4.00
„ (Popular)	2.00
„ (Abridged)	2.00
„ (School)	1.50
Bapu's Letters to Mira	3.00
Basic Education	1.00
Birth Control—The Right & the Wrong Way	0.40
Bread Labour	0.25
Christian Missions—Their Place in India	2.00
Communism & Communists	0.20
Co-operative Farming	0.20
Delhi Diary	3.00
Discourses on the Gita	0.50
Economic & Industrial Life and Relations, 3 Vols.	10.50
Gandhiji's Correspondence With Govt. —1942-44	2.00
Mahatma Gandhi—Correspondence with Govt.—1944-47	6.00
Goan Struggle for Freedom	0.25
Hindu Dharma	4.00
Homage to the Departed	2.50
India of My Dreams	2.50
Khadi—Why & How	3.00
Letters to Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel	2.50
Mohan-mala	1.00
My Religion	2.00
My Socialism	0.35
Non-violence in Peace & War, 2 Vols.	12.00
Non-violent Way to World Peace	0.35
Panchayat Raj	0.30
Rebuilding Our Villages	1.00
Sarvodaya (Welfare of All)	2.00
Satyagraha	4.00
Self-restraint *vs.* Self-indulgence	2.00
The Moral Basis of Vegetarianism	0.25
Thoughts on National Language	2.00
Towards Non-violent Socialism	1.00
Unto This Last	0.37
What Jesus Means to Me	0.35
Woman's Role in Society	0.25
Women	1.00
Women & Social Injustice	2.00

Latest Publications

	Rs. nP.
In Search of the Supreme—Gandhiji	5.00
Letters to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur „	2.50
All Men Are Brothers „	3.00
My Non-violence „	5.00
Voluntary Poverty „	0.25
Strikes „	0.30
Congress & Its Future „	0.40
Prohibition at Any Cost „	0.20
The New Indian States „	0.25
Task Before Indian Students „	0.75
Trusteeship „	0.25
India's Food Problem „	0.40
Truth Called Them Differently (Tagore-Gandhi Controversy)	1.50
Even Behind the Bars—Kaka Kalelkar	1.25
Gandhi Wields the Weapon of Moral Power—Gene Sharp	5.00

By Others

Kasturba	1.50
Bhoodan Yajna	0.87
Diary of Mahadev Desai, Vol. 1	5.00
A Philosophy of Indian Economic Development	2.50
Which Way Lies Hope?	2.00
Gandhi & Marx	1.00
Towards New Horizons	2.00
Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, 2 Vols.	11.00
Bal Gangadhar Tilak	7.00
Gopal Krishna Gokhale	8.00
Gandhi and Tagore	0.80
Peaceful Industrial Relations	4.00
Educational Philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi	4.00
Political Philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi	5.00
The Technique of Correlation in Basic Education	2.50
J. C. Kumarappa	1.50
My Memorable Moments with Bapu	0.50
Search for Purpose	3.00
The Long Road	2.00
Why Khadi and Village Industries	1.00

Postage Extra

Full Catalogue will be sent on demand.

BY PYARELAL:

MAHATMA GANDHI—THE LAST PHASE, Vols. I & II

Price: each Vol. Rs. 20/-. Postage: Vol. I Rs. 3/-, Vol. II Rs. 3.50

NAVAJIVAN TRUST

22/111, Mount Road, MADRAS-6; Tilak Road, HYDERABAD-1; 11/647, Statue Road, TRIVANDRUM; 130, Princess Street, BOMBAY-2; Connaught Circus, NEW DELHI; 41, Eden Hospital Road, CALCUTTA-12; Aminuddaula Park, LUCKNOW; Govind Mitra Road, PATNA-4; Chauda Rasta, JAIPUR; Yeshvant Road, INDORE; *H.O.* Post NAVAJIVAN, AHMEDABAD-14.

Visit

OUR BANGALORE SHOWROOM
For
Latest Furniture of
ESTATES, BUNGALOWS & OFFICES
IN
Rosewood - Whitecedar - Teakwood

MODERN WOODCRAFTS

Head Office & Factory :
Post Box No. 6, Tellicherry
KERALA
GRAMS: "REVEL" PHONES: 82 & 83

EQUIPPED WITH LATEST MACHINERY,
BEST TECHNICIANS AND SKILLED WORKERS

SHOWROOMS & OFFICES:

MADRAS:
"Jaya Mansions"
13, Poonamallee
High Road, Madras-3
Grams:
"Woodcrafts"
Phone: 5210

BANGALORE:
264, Cavalry Road
Bangalore-1
Grams:
"Woodcrafts"
Phone: 6941

COCHIN:
6/75, Calvetty
Cochin-1
Grams: "Revel"
Phones:
4007, 4030
and 4686

CALICUT:
North Beach Road
(Near Customs House)
Calicut-1
Grams: "Revel"
Phone: 2251

SPECIALISTS FOR FLUSH DOOR &
LATEST MODEL BANK COUNTERS

Printed and published by M. Narayan at W. Q. Judge Press [International Book House (Private), Ltd.], 1, Shri B. P. Wadia Road, Bangalore 4, for the International Book House (Private), Ltd., 9, Ash Lane, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay 1.
Edited by Sophia Wadia, "Theosophy Hall," 40, New Marine Lines, Bombay 1, India.